

MEASURE

Spring
69



Spring 69

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Editor	J. Eric Farfsing
Associate Editors	Joseph A. Jungblut Peter A. Keiser
Assistant Editors	Charles Mescher Brad Uhlenhake
Art Consultant	Michael T. Hennessy
Photographers	Timothy Roach James Toscano
Advisor	Mr. Dennis Lavery
Faculty Representative	Mr. John D. Groppe
Printer	The Messenger Press Carthagen, Ohio

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Cover

Joseph A. Jungblut

mere versus

pouncing on a farming man
mixing seeds with his hands
stupid man on the sands
of the earth's face . . .

greek gods shout and hurl
javelins at virgin girls
prancing horses caught in murals
on the caveman's wall . . .

palestinian cities round walled
falling off his purdue mount saul
blinded, binded, burned and all
on the fireman's ladder . . .:

tattered scarfs and tattooed arms
1930: dust blown farms
hunger, starvation's own alarm
of the child's life . . .

tactical plans in a delta
rhyme that dummy
or i'll belt ya . . .

the end
the end
'tis no more john
'tis done john done
oops . . .

by a red goose
named jennifer

Brad Uhlenhake

THE SUN

Before, have I stood here before
and watched?
Once again, I witness dawn
and love it.

God made it.

Beauty is sacrificed, then created
with the rising Sun.
The crimson color, light, impregnating the earth
with brightness.

It tells of God.
It tells of life.
It tells of eternity.

Remember, in the night emerges
darkness, and evil.
Remember, evil is withheld in the
eyes of the beholder.

Indeed, I have stood here before
and all my life have I stood here gazing.
From the darkness I come
to stand here.
I keep vigil; I linger so long, but am never
to understand.
Observe: the night must change to light
and behold — the Sun.

Living Sun.
Bright Sun.

Oh damn! "Sun."
As before, into darkness You fade.

Stephen M. Wiggins

A CLOWN SUIT

Mary Marg Hagedorn

Did you ever really want something, I mean really bad? Well I went to this circus and there were these clowns — they were so funny! They made everybody laugh. We saw them on Tuesday and Susie saw them on Thursday and she said they were really funny too. Gosh — they must be like that every day!

Anyway, I thought they were really something — it just seemed like the people got all happy just watching them. So, I decided I wanted to be a clown too. But, I needed a clown suit. You should've seen their suits — or maybe you have seen some clowns before. They were so bright — all different colors — sort of like a really bright rainbow cut up into circles and pasted on a pure white sky. Gosh, they were neat!

All the way home I asked Mom and Dad if they'd buy me a clown suit. Dad just said "Save your pennies, honey." So I did — I sold Kool-aid and marbles and doll clothes and even some of my old dolls — just all kinds of stuff that I didn't really need. When I finally thought I had enough money, I asked Dad where I could get one. "One what?" "A clown suit, you know." Oh, yes, he remembered. Well, he told me where I could get one — but I didn't know how to get to the place, so he and Mom gave me directions. I was so excited I could hardly wait!

I put on my sweater, got all my pennies and nickles together and set out to find the place. Two streets down, turn left and go to the eighth street and turn right . . . But I didn't get that far. I just walked a couple blocks when I saw a big sign out in this yard. It said "Clown Suits for Sale at Low Price." I guess Mom and Dad didn't know about this place but heck, it's closer so I might as well go here. It was a real nice place — looked just like a regular store. But the sign said they sold clown suits and that's what I wanted so I walked along the big path, knocked on the door with one of

those gold bangers — gosh it was cold! Some man answered the door right away — he was sort of weird! But you know, he looked so familiar — he looked something like me, I think. Isn't that funny? Anyway, he took me right to the rack where all the clown suits were. They didn't look exactly like the ones those clowns in the circus wore but I was so excited — I just wanted to get me a clown suit quick. The guy picked one out for me and told me to try it on. It was a white one with real light colored dots on it — nothing too loud — and it fit really good! It was so comfortable and it was cheap too. Gosh, I might even have enough pennies left to buy me an ice cream cone.

All while I was looking in the mirror, the guy kept telling me how nice I looked in it and how good it fit me. So I decided to take it — my very own clown suit! After I paid for it (it was really cheap), I asked him if I could wear it home. And I did — I wore it every single day. It was really comfortable — just like pajamas. Mom always got mad at me though because I never wanted to take it off so she could wash it. She was like that, everything always had to be clean all the time. Well, I wore it and wore it but, you know what? People didn't smile when they saw me — they didn't even notice anything different. The clowns in the circus made me feel so happy. I wonder how come my clown suit didn't make people happy.

I asked Mom and Dad if they thought it was a real honest to goodness clown suit or if it was just a pretend one. They said they didn't know — I think they thought the whole thing was pretty silly — but they listened to me anyway. Dad said maybe I got lost and didn't go to the right place to find my clown suit. Gee, I never thought of that — I guess I really didn't follow the directions.

After a while I got tired of my clown suit — I think it was just a pretend one. So I decided to go get me a different one — a real one. I'm a big girl, I don't want to play dress ups, you know. So after talking about it for a long time, I made up my mind. I had to go right then and there — it's just like when Mom calls you for supper — you gotta come right away or you'll get yelled at — besides your food gets cold.

It was raining but I didn't care. I started walking . . . two blocks down turn left . . . I guess I was sort of wandering after a while. I must've looked lost or something. Some boy — he was really nice — stopped and asked me if I knew where I was going. "Oh yes, well, you see, I know where I'm going but I'm not sure if this is the way to get there. Darn, I get lost all the time!" He was really a nice boy and he had great big blue eyes. I just love blue eyes! Anyway, he gave me the directions — he seemed to know his way pretty good. Gosh, that was really nice of him to stop and help me in the rain and all. So I thanked him and got on my way but somehow I could still see his face all while I was walking.

Then, the neatest thing happened! The sun started shining right

through the rain. Gosh it was pretty! Then I looked up and there was a big bright rainbow — just like in pictures. I always liked rainbows but I never saw one like this before. They're usually sort of blurry but this one was real bright — especially the yellow and orange parts — you should've seen it.

Well, I kept walking and looking at the sun and the rainbow it made. Then all of a sudden I saw it. There it was just ahead — I'm almost there! It seemed like it took me an awful long time to get there but I made it. I stood there and looked at the place for a while — it was really scarey looking. I almost decided not to go in but . . . I knew this was the place to get my clown suit. So I walked up this skinny little path — I felt like one of those ladies in the circus that walked on that wire, you know. Anyway, then there were eight steps — they were big steps too or maybe I was just too little. When I got to the top, I rang the doorbell and waited but nobody came. I looked in the window but couldn't see anything. I yelled but nobody answered me and I knocked really hard but nobody opened the door. Heck, I was getting tired of waiting. Finally, when I was just about ready to leave, a man opened the door and led me inside. This man was really different from that guy in the other clown suit place. This man was so friendly and easy to talk to and he had big hands — strong hands. And you know what? He was wearing a clown suit just like the one I wanted. It was really bright — lots of reds, yellows and oranges. Well, I told him what I wanted and he smiled like he knew what I was going to say even before I said it. He went to the rack and took one down for me. He handed me the clown suit and asked me to follow him. He took me to this special room — it was all lit up and there was a big fountain right in the middle of the room. He told me to try the clown suit on. I sort of fumbled with it for a while — I guess I was sort of scared to put it on. But I did and I sure had a hard time. Golly, I got my head caught in the sleeve and I couldn't get my feet through the right holes. It was really hard but I finally got it on — it felt awful! It was way too tight in some places and all big and sloppy in others. I tripped into the other room to show the man. He sat back in his chair, folded his arms and sort of chuckled: "Well, I'd say you've got some growing to do!" Oh, he must be kidding — he doesn't really expect me to wear this thing! He told me then, that real clown suits only come in one size — they come in all kinds of color patterns but just one size. Good grief, now what do I do?

We talked about it for a while — I sure like this man. You know what? He said that if I can grow into this clown suit I can keep it forever and ever . . . but he said it's pretty hard to fill out a real clown suit. But I decided right then and there that I really wanted to wear it. So, he gave me a book of Alteration Suggestions — he said that means ways to make the clown suit fit. But you don't do anything to the clown suit — that's

the funny part. I have to gain lots of weight in some places and lose lots in others. He gave me some special food — foods with lots of extra energy. He taught me some exercises too. Boy, are they ever hard but he said he'd help me do them. It's not so bad when he helps — especially if he just holds my hand. I feel like I can do anything when I'm holding on to his big hands. You know, I sure do wish you could meet him — he's really great — you'd love him once you got to know him.

Well anyway, I'm wearing my clown suit every day now. Sometimes I really get mad because it still doesn't fit and I trip all the time. But the man told me it would probably take a long time before it fits. I don't care — at least, I've got a real clown suit. It really is! When people see me, they laugh. Some laugh because they think it's stupid but some laugh because it really makes them feel happy. Lots of people have even asked me where I got my clown suit. The man said that would probably happen and he asked me to bring those people to him so they wouldn't have to find the way by themselves — it's easier that way, you know. You *do* know, don't you?

White doves flying by
sing saddened chants of farewell
touched by winter's woe.

Patrick Horrigan

DELIVER US,

O LORD . . .

Sitting sickly pondering
the outcome of the total picture —
which no one can really see,
wondering what in the realm of things
the lord ordained for me;
I eulogized the rebel
and his grey passing into
the might-have-been.
But as the world at length prepares
to step off the Last Precipice
into the finality of the Long Night,
I know the Land of the Free
is also the Country of the Blind.
Clubbed to the ground, ever to rise
but never to stand,
the vagaries of existence
counsel the quirks that make man men.
But the time draws near
when their eyes shall be opened,
before they are swept screaming
into the malignant maelstrom
fabricated within their own ken.
I think, I feel, I know,
but yet they refuse to listen.
Controlled by the merchants of the masses,
Oblivious to all but their own little minds
Stamped and Imprinted,
their psyches roll off the cosmic assembly line
of futility personified.

Manufactured emotions,
Artificial opinions,
Impotent ideas,
they march lemming-like to their fate
with the smug superiority
of the guaranteed Saved —
or double your money back.
The sad reality remains,
that they who can see what might be
while beauty is trod beneath
the perfumed heels of the ignorant,
must of necessity live their lives
in that same futility.
The absurdity of trying to make them see
the true Image of the Maker
reflected in the tarnished mirror
of mankind
disappears into that dark bowery of their souls.
To forsake the call
is to fall freely into
that special hell of mind
created for those who truly See,
But don't try to free
those who do not — or will not.
Spare us O Lord
the platitudes of the patriots,
as they trip from the numb lips
of the professionally ignorant.
Deliver us O Lord instead
to the island of Manisfree
and rid us of the heritage of hate
in which we all must wallow.

Michael Guccione

THE POLITICAL YEAR -- 1968

James D. Stoup

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The following paper is a combination of ten months of research, observation, and work within the American political system. For the most part it is factual; but at times it tends to be opinionated. This I could not help. When one works closely within the system it is a normal reaction to align oneself with a candidate or with an idea. I am sure that my alignment is rather obvious at times in this paper.

The political year 1968 was so vast, so interesting, so unique, that it was very difficult to limit the scope with which I had hoped to work. I chose to concentrate on the two political nominating conventions, those of Miami and Chicago, but I often strayed to topics I felt very pertinent to the conventions and in turn to the political year 1968 in itself. I have included a special area on the Chicago demonstrations and riots entitled The Massacre because of its relevance to the Chicago Convention itself. I have also included a number of appendices containing material I felt was also very pertinent to the conventions and the political year.

Reflecting on the past year, I cannot help to feel that there is any better experience, any better way to put one's beliefs to a test, than to actually go out and work on a political basis with the people of this country. It is often discouraging, often encouraging. One thing you do learn, though, is to never stop fighting for what you believe in. You also learn that you must be constantly informed, for the political scene changes just as fast as it was created. You find that your goals are not always reached immediately, but you never give up and just keep on trying. A good example of not giving up is President Richard M. Nixon.

Thus was the political year — 1968.

"I am hopeful that this challenge which I am making, which I hope will be supported by other members of the Senate and other politicians, may alleviate, at least in some degree, this sense of political hopelessness and restore to many people a belief in the processes of American politics and of American government."

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY — Nov. 30, 1967

The year 1968 will go down in history as being one of the most unique and phenomenal political years this country has ever seen. From November, 1967 to November, 1968 there was "never a dull moment" in that great race for the White House. Upsets, tragedy, and men with "new images" all made their marks on history books yet unwritten. In this paper I hope to illustrate what the major candidates had to go through to make it to Miami and Chicago; and then to look at those Conventions to see how they molded the November 5th election; and what the conventions did to American politics.

Candidates for public office this year spent as much as \$65 million dollars about \$1.00 for each person who voted in November, to get their messages into the living rooms of America. They did this, of course, via television, the most important single element in United States politics in the last 20 years. Television has become central to the planning, budget, organization and conduct of all major political campaigns, from President on down. It is slowly but surely breaking down the influence of the political power brokers by going over their heads to the voters themselves. And, to the concern of some, television has changed the dimensions of leadership itself by placing a premium on style rather than on substance. Because of this emphasis on style and image, politicians have turned more and more to advertising agencies. The agencies' entry into politics is not a recent innovation. Thomas Dewey, for one, sought the counsel of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn in his successful 1950 bid for re-election as Governor of New York.¹ The agencies' role has grown, however, with the spectacular growth of television. In 1948 there were 175,000 TV sets in use; today there are 67 million. There's hardly a candidate for Congress or even a major municipal post who hasn't at least one advertising agency man helping him. Furthermore, the functions of the agency have broadened from time-butting to imagery. Madison Avenue likes to say that the politician has always sought ways of improving his image, it being the very nature of politics to attract voters; but television forced the candidate to concentrate on his image as never before. The agency people say they don't try to change a candidate's image. They try to project his strong points and subordinate (hide if possible) his weaker attributes. Of the announced Presidential candidates, Senator Eugene McCarthy is the generally recognized champ on television. Art Michelson, the Senator's chief television ad-

viser, explained: "McCarthy's strength on TV is that he doesn't act. He's perfectly natural. He doesn't need to be trained. His image is the substance of the guy. There aren't two McCarthy's. And, furthermore, his low-key style contrasts with the usual political rhetoric."² The last point is important. Viewers have become inured to the hard sell. They have developed what has been described as CEBUS — "confirmed exposure but unconscious." Viewers see and hear it, but they don't remember it. And so it is with the political speech and politician.

President Johnson's television image is so bad that Doyle, Dane and Bernbeck, the agency that handled his 1964 television programs, kept him out of spot commercials almost entirely. Instead they concentrated on attacking Barry Goldwater. Many observers trace Mr. Johnson's political decline over the past three years to his inability to use television to explain effectively the United States commitment in Vietnam at a time the public was seeing a brutal side of the war every night on TV news programs. Dr. Herbert E. Alexander, director of the Citizen's Research Foundation of Princeton, New Jersey, says television time and production costs for all elections, Presidential to municipal, could reach \$65 million dollars this year. This compares with \$45 million spent in 1964.³ Thus one can see how effective a tool television and the mass media has become in the election of a candidate. Richard Nixon's "new image" worked miracles for him on television, the end result of which was the Presidency. Few American politicians can stir up a live audience as Hubert Humphrey can, yet on television Humphrey usually sounds glib, cocky, and superficial. His Midwestern nasal twang seems to rise a pitch or two, which becomes disturbing over any extended period of time. Enough said about communication; let us now look at the convention itself.

There has been extreme pressure this year for the abolition of the nominating Convention. This pressure has come both in and out of Congress, and has been accentuated by the inequity of the Chicago Convention (that is if you really believe that Eugene McCarthy was cheated). More than ever, delegates to these conventions seem to have minds of their own or minds of the party bosses, even to the point of ignoring the majority of their constituents. Example: Eugene McCarthy received 90% of the vote in the Pennsylvania primary, yet 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ of 130 delegates went to Humphrey on the first ballot.⁴ There are, however, those who feel the Conventions do a job and do it very well. For instance, Roscoe Drummond of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* staff tells us that there are three criteria for judging the efficiency of a Convention: 1) they should nominate candidates qualified for the job; 2) they should reflect with substantial faithfulness the desires of the voters in each party; and 3) they must write a platform which discloses the main direction the party wants to go.⁵ Mr. Drummond goes on to tell us that we ought to look more closely at the record before con-

cluding that this much-abused system is a kind of political appendix which ought to be removed from the body politic. He tells us that the truth is that over the past four decades the conventions of both parties have, with very rare exception, chosen nominees of superior ability and character. Out of the Republican convention came Herbert Hoover, Alf Landon, Wendell Wilkie, Thomas Dewey, Dwight Eisenhower, Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater. The Democratic conventions produced Al Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. "That's not bad; it's good. I doubt if any other process of selection would do better," Mr. Drummond pointed out.

There is, of course, a way other than the national convention by which the parties could decide their Presidential nominees. That is by a national party primary, with a run-off if no contender got a majority of the total vote. Many feel that this method is too costly, time-consuming, and exhausting for the candidates and voters. It would mean the equivalent of two Presidential elections and possibly three in the span of three months. It would be expensive, and the Federal Government would have to pay the cost unless only the very wealthy are to run. We may come to such a system, but we should not embark on it lightly. In Mr. Drummond's opinion we should not embark on it lightly since the national convention system has manifestly worked well. Conceivably, however, the two could be combined: make the national primary advisory only and retain the convention for the final decision.

Another question that was raised in the 1968 political campaign was: "Which candidate do you trust — if any?" The question that each party had to ask was whether their respective nominees for President were capable of inspiring confidence, and if so, how much. If there was one distinctive symptom of the popular mood in this presidential election year it was one of deep distrust, not only of politics and politicians, but of the American society itself. Republican and Democratic aspirants to the Presidency alike had to face the upsetting fact that everybody is perched insecurely on the slope of his own credibility gap. Black Americans, comprising more than ten per cent of the population, mightily distrust the white majority. To their own dismay and disbelief, student protesters from the left and followers of George Wallace on the right found themselves advancing to a common ground to join battle, for radically different reasons, against the pervasive power of the Federal Government in Washington. Vice-President Humphrey declared his belief that between the noisy extremes there lies a "great silent majority in this country that wants to do what's right," and he proposed to bring it alive.⁶ Given the candidacy of Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey, the situation that confronted them both was a particularly difficult assignment. Given a deeply divided country, accentuated by differences within the "silent majority" not only over how to do what's right but what right is in the first place, it was asked how the two top candidates were

going to make their competitive appeals credible. Each in his own way could lay some claim to the trappings of leadership based on experience in public office, but each lacked what might be called the trimmings of leadership. Edward P. Morgan pointed out in an editorial in the *Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin*, August 4, 1968, that if Hubert Humphrey's charisma content is that of a vegetable, Richard Nixon's is that of a mechanical toy. He went on to point out that whether in some remodeled form or not, Nixon was bound to be plagued again by that devastating question from a previous campaign: "Would you buy a used car from this man?" Even as reporters in the HHH entourage were being reminded of that by Humphrey's emphasis on the quality of trust, one newsman, recalling the Vice President's burden of identification with the Johnson position on Vietnam, suggested that a Republican riposte to the would-be Democratic standard-bearer might be: "Would you buy a used policy from this man?" The larger issue at this juncture is not so much how to unify the country but how to keep it from falling farther apart. This required more calm and candor on the part of the candidates and constituents alike than perhaps in any other presidential campaign in this country.

THE CONVENTION OF MIAMI, AUGUST 5 - 9, 1968

They were all gathered; the candidates, the delegates and some performing clowns; gathered at the Republican National Convention, the first of 1968's two great political circuses. They were gathered for the 29th quadrennial GOP free-for-all. Amid fun and frolic, clamor and glamor, drama and melodrama (all perfect descriptions of the Miami Convention) they will nominate a man for one of the most powerful offices in the world: the Presidency of the United States. Someone once said a political convention is a place where history and decision are supposed to take place in public but seldom do (an obvious reference to "smoke-filled rooms"). Officially, however, its done by the delegates. Some of these delegates won their credentials by fat financial contributions, others because they know how to follow precise voting orders, and still others because they chose to fight and be elected in the various primaries.

National political conventions have a reputation for being rowdy, uninhibited affairs at which anything goes. Actually, they are tightly controlled exercises. Chaos is a part of every convention, but it is mostly planned chaos. Political scientist Robert Roth tells us that the protocol that rules conventions was established with the first one in 1832 and has continued largely unchanged to this day. There indeed have been modifications, but they have come slowly and haven't amounted to much. For instance, as Mr. Roth described, it was for many years unthinkable that an active candidate for the presidency should actually go before the delegates in caucus to solicit their votes. That was a task to be left to subordinates. Nor

was it considered proper for a potential candidate to appear in the convention hall itself. Franklin Roosevelt shattered that tradition in 1932 when he boarded an airplane in New York and flew to Chicago to make a personal speech of acceptance to the delegates.⁸

The opening ceremonies at any convention of either major party are similar. There are always the patriotic exercises, the speeches of welcome by local dignitaries, the prayers for Divine guidance, the formal reading of the Call of the Convention, the election of temporary officers, the presentation of "remarks" by some of the party dignitaries who cannot be ignored but who are best disposed of in the preliminary stage of the meeting. From there on it is pretty much routine, through all the stages of the keynote address, the election of permanent convention officers, the reports of the Committees on Rules, Credentials, and Platform, and the speeches by the more important party figures. And always the invocation at the beginning of each session and the benediction at the end (with representatives of all faiths except Islam). When the time comes for the actual voting, when the clerk begins the roll call of the states, the initial response will undoubtedly begin just as it did at the first convention in Baltimore 136 years ago.

The convention itself, the legends of Reagan, Rockefeller, and Nixon are now history. It was Richard Nixon's year, and there was just no stopping him. His only real threat (although some will argue that Reagan was the real threat) was from Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York. Governor Rockefeller's catch-up campaign operated under inevitable but crushing handicaps from the outset. He tried to do it all in three months; and there were just too many tasks, too many people to persuade, too many places to go to bring it off smoothly. His front running opponent, Richard Nixon, was already effectively organized in late 1966, after he finished barnstorming the country for state and local Republican candidates. It may be that 1968 will teach public figures once and for all of the chanciness and near futility of short, ill-planned campaigns. Rockefeller really did not even start putting a full-fledged organization together until most of the delegate-choosing conventions and primaries were over. If Rocky would have started off the line at the same time as Nixon, he would have inevitably captured the nomination.

Mr. Nixon explains his stature in the 1968 political year very well in a question posed to him by the press at the Miami Convention. As quoted from the November, 1968 issue of *Harper's*, pg. 57-58, the press asked Mr. Nixon the following:

PRESS: A little less than six years ago, after your defeat for the Governorship of California, you announced at the ensuing press conference that that was going to be your last news conference. Could you recall for us this morning two or three of the most important points in your own thinking which made you reverse that statement and now reach for political office on the highest level?

ANSWER: Had there not been the division of the Republican Party in 1964 and had there not been the vacuum of leadership that was created by that division and by that defeat, I would not be here today . . . I believe that my travels around the country and the world in this period of contemplation and this period of withdrawal from the political scene in which I have had a chance to observe not only the United States but the world, has led me to the conclusion that returning to the arena was something that I should do — not that I consider myself to be an indispensable man. But something that I should do because this is the time I think when the man and the moment in history come together. I have always felt that a man cannot seek the Presidency and get it simply because he wants it. I think that he can seek the Presidency and obtain it only when the Presidency requires what he may have to offer and I have had the feeling and it may be a presumptuous feeling, that because of the vacuum of leadership in the Republican Party, because of the need for leadership particularly qualified in foreign affairs, because I have known not only the country, but the world as a result of my travels, that now time requires that I re-enter the arena. And incidentally I have been very willing to do so. I am not being drafted. I want to make that very clear. I am very willing to do so. There has never been a draft in Miami in August anyway . . . I believe that if my judgment — and my intuition, my “gut feeling” so to speak, about America and American political tradition — is right, this is the year that I will win.

The Republicans can always be counted on to bring a few interesting side-lights into their Conventions. For instance, the seating of the “51st State — The Poor People’s Campaign” under the leadership of the Reverend Ralph Abernathy. Mr. Abernathy had stated that if the Republicans can afford this lavish convention, and the Administration can spend billions of dollars in a disastrous war, and Americans can subsidize unproductive farms and prosperous industries, surely we can meet the modest demand of the Poor People’s Campaign.

Another interesting side-light at the Republican Convention (are you ready for this one) was the GOP delegates turning to John Wayne for “inspiration.” On Monday morning, August 5, the program read that he would give an inspirational reading. He had a problem, however, with his teleprompter. The writing was too small and he could not see it, so he was forced to inspire ad lib. Joe McGinniss of the Convention Bureau Staff, had this conversation with Mr. Wayne:

JMc: What about your politics?

JW: I’m a Republican. I’ve been a Republican all my life. I believe in the Republican party because I think its the only party that is moving toward any new solutions to our problems.

JMc: What are some of our problems?

JW: Permissiveness. Permissiveness is the biggest problem we have. These, these ghettos and these goddamned long-haired punks who are afraid to go out and get a job. And its your fault, (he

said, pointing to a couple of men who worked for newspapers) the press in this country has been taken over by what our current semantics refer to as liberals but what are really radicals. And they go around publicizing these creeps. Nothing is any different from how it ever was except all these punks get publicity.

Yes, what about all the good kids? Look at the 4-H Clubs.⁹

Then last and certainly least came Mr. Nixon's selection for his Vice Presidential running mate, rounding out the Convention's side-lights. It was important for Nixon to hold the South if he was to gain the nomination. The South did hold for Nixon, with the aid of Senator Strom Thurmond, and now Mr. Nixon had to appease them. The Great Unifier would obviously begin by unifying the South. He could move to the Blacks only when they had been chastened by the absence of any remaining relation to power, which is to say, only after his election. It was a strategy which could work, or fail. If it failed, civil war and a police state were near. For these reasons it was felt that Nixon could only nominate a moderate from the South or a conservative from the North. The best bet looked like Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, but we all know only too well what the outcome was — Spiro T. Agnew. The selection of Agnew caused a mild uproar and possibly the only interesting moment of the Convention. The rebel moderates attempted to run Governor Romney in protest. But Romney went down on the first ballot 186 votes to 1,128. Mr. Nixon made a point of calling up Romney on his entrance so that he approached the podium with the Governor of Michigan on his arm. "It was good to have a floor fight, a healthy thing for the party, it helped to clear the air. We'll be more united afterward."¹⁰ Nixon then went on to give the greatest speech of his career; a speech that all Americans hope President Nixon will be able to carry out throughout his four years in the White House.

THE CONVENTION OF CHICAGO, AUGUST 26-29, 1968

Norman Mailer called it the "Siege of Chicago," it was also called Fort Daley and Beat the Press. The siege was handled by Mayor Daley, the Chicago police, the National Guard, and the Democratic machine. It would be an understatement to say that HHH was sure to be nominated in Chicago. Every advance count available, every method of tabulation of delegate strength, every test of delegate sentiment presages pointed to a Humphrey victory. Additional Humphrey assets included the support of virtually every recognized party leader, of organized labor, of a considerable segment of the business community, and of important minority groups. On top of this, his supporters controlled the convention machinery. It is difficult to put together any combination of forces and circumstances likely to deprive a candidate of the nomination with what Humphrey had going for him. Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma said: "I don't see how they can stop

Humphrey from taking the nomination. It's not possible if you look at the arithmetic."¹¹

While it was true that Humphrey could not be stopped from gaining the nomination, it was also true that another man could not be stopped from gaining the hearts and respect of America. This man was Minnesota Senator Eugene J. McCarthy. I worked extensively for Senator McCarthy in Indiana, in Pennsylvania, and in New York. I met the Senator in Indianapolis during a Convention of the Hoosiers for a Democratic Alternative; and I attended one of his nationally televised news conferences. What Senator McCarthy did for American politics is so vast that it will probably take a few years before the total contribution will be realized.

When Senator McCarthy went to Chicago he didn't figure to win the Democratic nomination for President, but then he didn't figure to win 42 per cent of the votes in the New Hampshire primary or to win the race in Wisconsin or Oregon. The chief distinction of McCarthy as a presidential contender has been that he has always done better than anybody, perhaps even himself, expected him to. McCarthy had two principle weapons with which to win delegates. One was his dissatisfaction with the war in Vietnam and the Johnson Administration. The other was his increasing and often dominate popularity as reflected in the opinion polls. Having forced President Johnson to back out of the race is often considered a political miracle in itself. But all McCarthy really asked for was the chance to be given a fair break. It was his decision to work within the framework of the party when he could have easily strayed from its path. And was the Senator given this break? I don't believe so. As I mentioned earlier in this paper, when you just look at the Pennsylvania delegation turning their backs on the man who won 90% of the vote in that state's primary you begin to wonder if the framework that Senator McCarthy decided to work with was willing to work with him. McCarthy's support was in the suburbs and the academy; as Norman Mailer pointed out, two bastions of that faith which could state that a man must be allowed to lead a modest and reasonable life without interference by large forces. Although he did a reputable job, McCarthy just could not completely penetrate the walls of the "Establishment."

In the November, 1968 issue of *Harper's*, on pg. 79, Norman Mailer gives us an interesting chronology of the political year 1968:

On March 31, on a night when the latest Gallop Poll showed LBJ to be in favor with only 36% of the American public (while only 23% favored his handling of the war) Johnson announced on national television that he would not seek nor accept the nomination of his party as President.

On April 2, there was talk that Humphrey would run — McCarthy had taken the Wisconsin primary with 57% of the vote to

Johnson's 35% (and it was estimated that if Johnson had not resigned, the vote would have been more like 64% to 28%).

On April 4, Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated by a white man, and violence, fire and looting broke out in Memphis, Harlem, Brooklyn, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Detroit, Boston and Newark. Mayor Daley gave his famous "shoot to kill" instructions to the Chicago police.

On April 23 Columbia students barricaded the office of a Dean.

On June 3, Andy Warhol was shot.

On June 4, after winning the California primary 45% to 42% for McCarthy, Robert F. Kennedy was shot in the head and died the next day. The cannibalistic war of the McCarthy and Kennedy peace forces was at an end.

The above, of course, are only some of the highlights of the political year 1968. On August 17, Governor Lester G. Maddox of Georgia announced his shortlived candidacy. Another slightly longer-lived candidate was Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, a follower of the policies of the late Senator Robert Kennedy. Neither candidacy caused much of a flare, although the nominating speech of Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut for McGovern caused a great deal of emotion on the Convention floor. Senator Ribicoff speaking: "And with George McGovern as President of the United States we wouldn't have those Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago. With George McGovern we wouldn't have a National Guard." Norman Mailer then relayed that "people turned to each other and said, 'Did he say Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago?' He had. His voice had quavered a hint with indignation and with fear, but he had said it, and Daley was on his feet, Daley was shaking his fist at the podium, Daley was mouthing words. One could not hear the words, but his lips were clear. Daley seemed to be telling Ribicoff to go have carnal relations with himself."¹²

There were stories that Daley wanted Ted Kennedy for the Presidency. John Connally of Texas, furious that the unit rule was about to be abolished in this convention gave threats on Sunday morning of nominating Lyndon Johnson. The seating of the regular and the free Georgia delegations. The defeat of a proposal to admit the National Young Democrats as future delegates. Such were some of the interesting side-lights to the Democratic Convention. And when it was over the tabulation went like this:

Humphrey 1,761 $\frac{3}{4}$; McCarthy 601; McGovern 146 $\frac{1}{2}$; Channing Philips (first Negro to be nominated for the Presidency) 67 $\frac{1}{2}$; Dan Moore 17 $\frac{1}{2}$; Edward Kennedy (without nomination) 12 $\frac{3}{4}$; James H. Gray $\frac{1}{2}$; Paul E. "Bear" Bryant, coach of Alabama, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$; and George C. Wallace $\frac{1}{2}$.¹³

In fact, the only bright spot of the entire convention was the nomination of Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine to serve as Humphrey's running mate. Look for Muskie to possibly take hold of this badly divided party in the near future.

THE MASSACRE

The evening of the balloting had arrived, Wednesday evening. On the convention floor, the roll call had begun. Donald Peterson of Wisconsin, a McCarthy man from the winning primary in Wisconsin, was on his feet, successful in obtaining recognition from the chair. He wanted to have the convention postponed for two weeks and moved to another hall in some city far way because of the surrounding violence and the pandemonium in the hall. Delegates kept leaving the floor to watch films of the violence on TV. McCarthy was reported to have witnessed the scene from his hotel window and called it "very bad." McGovern described the fighting he saw as a blood bath which made him sick to his stomach. He said he had "seen nothing like it since the films of Nazi Germany."¹⁴ Thus was the siege of Chicago. The city had become a garrison overnight. On Wednesday, August 28th, in the evening, the "Massacre of Michigan Avenue" occurred. Of course, a great many people were hurt. And several hundred delegates started to march back from the stockyards, early Thursday morning after the nomination, carrying lit candles in protest. Here are a few examples of the violence that occurred:

A Quote from J. Anthony Lukas in the August 30, 1968 issue of the *New York Times*: "Even elderly bystanders were caught in the police onslaught. At one point, the police turned on several dozen persons standing quietly behind police barriers in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel watching the demonstrators across the street. For no reason that could be immediately determined, the blue helmeted policemen charged the barriers, crushing the spectators against the windows of the Haymarket Inn, a restaurant in the hotel. Finally the window gave way, sending screaming middle-aged women and children backward through the broken shards of glass. The police then ran into the restaurant and beat some of the victims who had fallen through the window and arrested them."

Another example comes from a quote by Jack Newfield, in the September 5, 1968 issue of *The Village Voice*: "At the side entrance of the Hilton Hotel four cops were chasing one frightened kid of about seventeen. Suddenly, Fred Dutton, a former aide to Robert Kennedy, moved out from under the marquee and interposed his body between the kid and the police. 'He's my guest in this hotel,' Dutton told the cops. The police started to club the kid. Dutton screamed for the first cop's name and badge number. The cop grabbed Dutton and began to arrest him, until a *Washington Post* reporter identified Dutton as a former RFK aide. Demonstrators, reporters, McCarthy workers, doc-

tors, all began to stagger into the Hilton lobby, blood streaming from face and head wounds. The lobby smelled from tear gas, and stink bombs dropped by the Yippies. A few people began to direct the wounded to a makeshift hospital on the fifteenth floor, the McCarthy staff headquarters. Fred Dutton was screaming at the police, and at the journalists to report all the 'sadism and brutality.' Richard Goodwin, the ashen nub of a cigar sticking out of his fatigued face, mumbled, 'This is just the beginning. There'll be four years of this.' "

The demonstrators screamed that the whole world is watching as the Chicago police moved in. And it was. Acting upon the request of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence, a team of investigators under the direction of Attorney Daniel Walker questioned a large cross section of those involved; police, protesters, press and other witnesses; and set down their findings in a 343 page volume entitled *Rights in Conflict*. That the police were at times provoked is one of their findings. But most striking is the evidence that a significant number of Chicago police units, faced with situations calling for discipline and restraint, simply dissolved into violent gangs and attacked protesters, press and bystanders indiscriminately. It was, the report mentions, what can only be called a "police riot." Here are a few examples of evidence revealed by the Walker Report:

For the sake of brief, concise examples, quotes are from the December 6, 1968 issue of *Life*, pages 37-38:

A volunteer medic from Northwestern University's medical school described the scene in Lincoln Park on Sunday: "When someone would fall, three or four cops would start beating him. One kid was beaten so badly he couldn't get up. He was bleeding profusely from the head." The witness saw another medic, wearing a white coat, struck by an officer. When he yelled, "I'm a medic," the officer said, "Excuse me," and hit him again.

An assistant U.S. Attorney says that on Monday night he observed three police officers standing next to a vehicle on Stockton Drive, about one-half block north of North Avenue. The three officers appeared to be joking as they moved away from the loudly hissing rear tire of the vehicle. It appeared that the officers had either slashed or released the air from the tire.

The deputy superintendent of police has been described by several observers as being very upset by individual policemen who beat demonstrators. He pulled his men off the demonstrators, shouting "Stop, damn it, Stop. For Christ's sake, stop it."

The tape of the Police Department radio log discloses the following conversation at 1:29 a.m. on Tuesday morning: Police Operator: "1814, get a wagon over at 1436. We've got an injured hippie." Voice: "1436 North Wells?" Operator: "North Wells." In quick sequence, there are the following remarks from five other police cars:

"That's no emergency." "Let him take a bus." "Kick the f-----." "Knock his teeth out." "Throw him in a wastepaper basket."

The study of the political year 1968 was truly fascinating. It would have been difficult in this extraordinary political year to briefly summarize the major political events. For this reason I have tried to concentrate on the area of the two political conventions, and the circumstances leading up to them. The rest is now history. Richard Nixon is the President-elect by a very narrow margin (app. 499,702 popular votes; 301 electoral votes to 191 for Humphrey and 46 for Wallace). Nixon almost lost because of Spiro T. Agnew; HHH almost won because of Edmund Muskie. Daley's power structure has had its foundations rattled; and the Chicago police have been revealed.

I only hope and pray that the lessons learned and the examples set this past year will hold in the future. This country cannot afford to loose any more of its greatest leaders. Rights, freedoms, and the political process cannot ever be suppressed again as it was this past year. America itself has a lot to learn; for America has a lot of potential; let us hope that today's youth can develop this potential and make this country a truly United States of America.

NOTES

1. Thomas J. Foley, "Political Recipe '68: TV, Ad Men, Millions," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, August 6, 1968, pg. 15.
2. *Ibid.*, pg. 15.
3. *Ibid.*, pg. 15.
4. J. Higgins, "Pennsylvania for Humphrey: The Party Vetoes the People," *Nation*, August 19, 1968, pgs. 109-112.
5. Roscoe Drummond, "Conventions Do a Job and Do It Very Well," *Philadelphia Inquirer*, August 5, 1968, pg. 16.
6. Edward P. Morgan, "'68 Question: 'Which Candidate Do You Trust — If Any?'" *Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin*, August 4, 1968, pg. E-1.
7. *Ibid.*, pg. E-1.
8. Robert Roth, "Convention Protocol Largely Unchanged in 136 Years," *Philadelphia Bulletin*, August 7, 1968, pg. 35.
9. Joe McGinniss, "GOP Delegates Turn to John Wayne for 'Inspiration,'" *Philadelphia Inquirer*, August 6, 1968, pg. 3.
10. *New York Times*, August 10, 1968, pg. 2.
11. "Decline and Fall of the Democratic Party," *Ramparts*, September 28, 1968, pg. 23.
12. Norman Mailer, "Miami and Chicago," *Harper's*, November, 1968, pg. 113.
13. *Ibid.*, pg. 114.
14. *Ibid.*, pg. 112.

THE TRIP

You come to me from a breaking sky, all warm and bright, to a cold place that is not to be that way.

You warm all that you touch. Yet your power could burn if not known.

Some who are warm are turned cold, yet those cold could be warmed.

You stay — for a time — and stay long enough? Too long? Maybe not — maybe not long enough.

You stay but a while, and then return to the sky where you rightly belong — warmth for warmth.

Yet, as you leave, some as small as they seem are somehow taller now and may be warmer by having known your presence.

Some are not — and the dawn brings a cold to them they have never known.

Yet hope for another dawn to bring back the warmth lost.

William A. Ford

The lighter burns brightly
Like youth, invigorating and healthy
Seemingly to burn brightly, endlessly.
Then it is snuffed out,
Sort of like life . . .

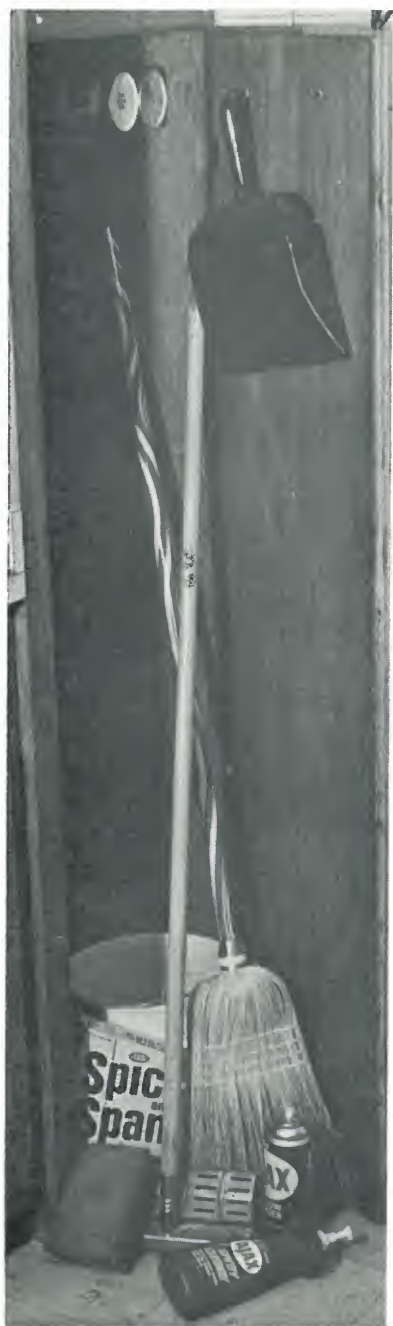
Daniel P. McCann

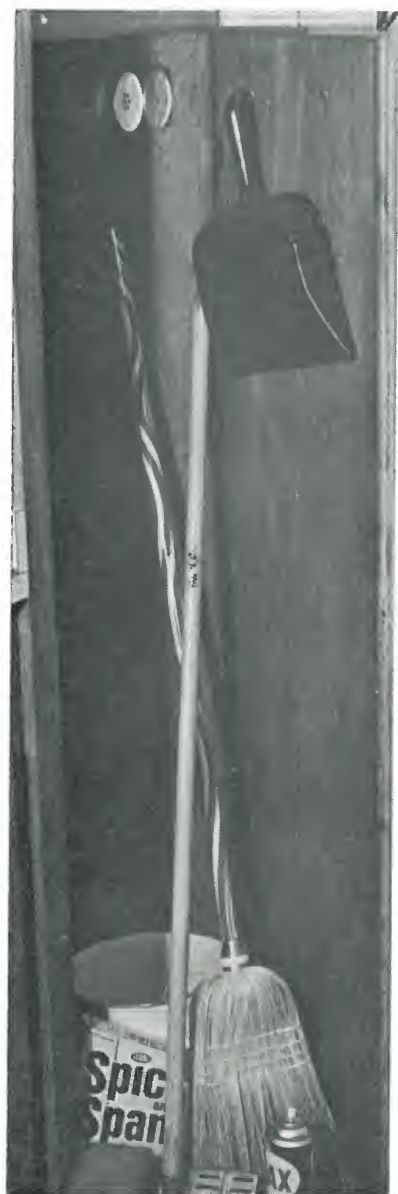


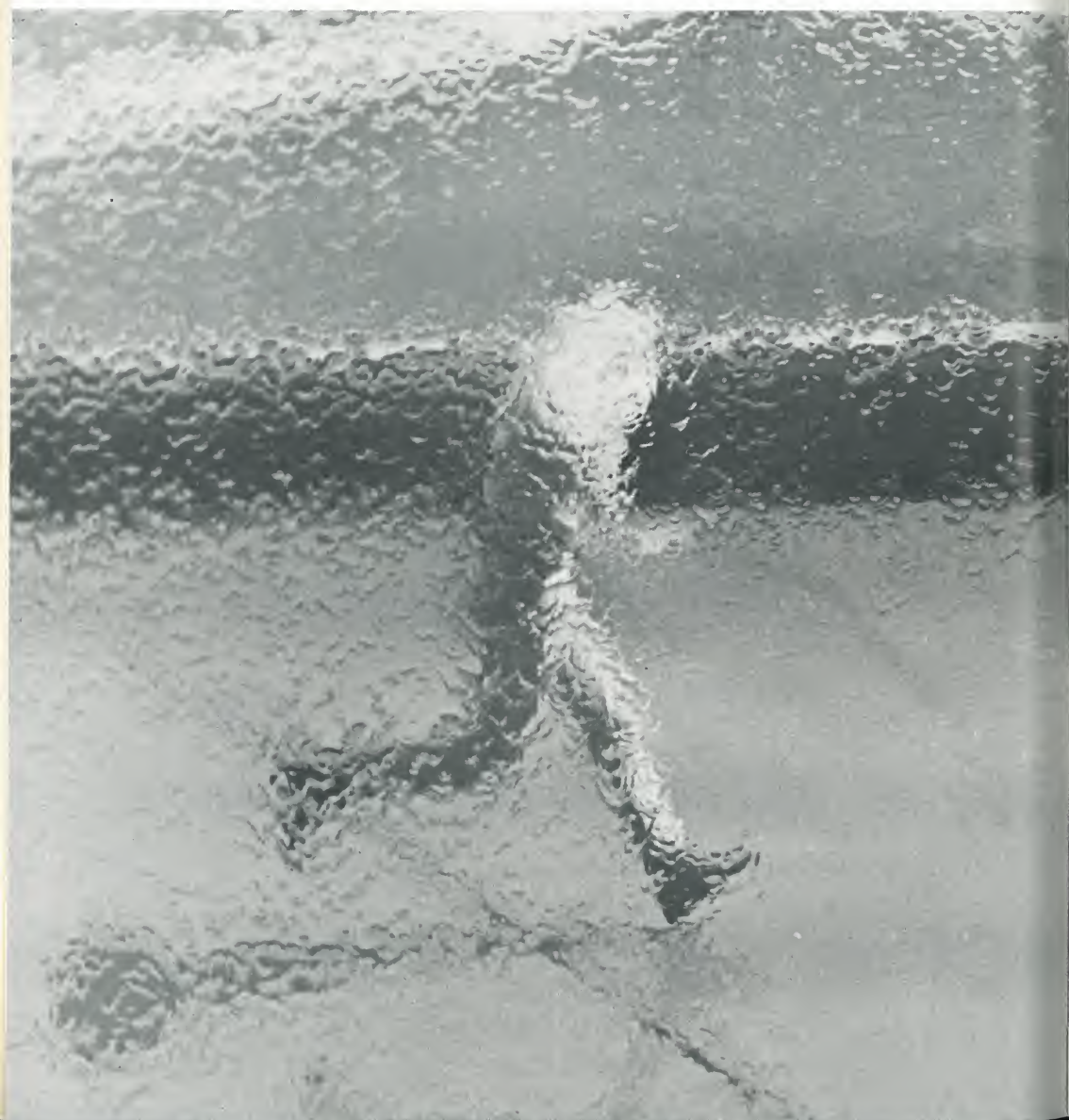
SPRING . . .

. . . and all her many meanings

James Toscano











Scarfflung

*GARBUSH (in dialogue with last
weekend)*

Joseph A. Jungblut

with DEDICATION TO:

James Joyce

Peter O'Toole

Rick Hindery

Phylis Dombeck

Randy Poole

T. E. Lawrence

The Grand Parlook

INVOCATION

Charmed magic ones of Zeus and Mnemosyne, lift your voices to the praise of the Scarfflunggarbush, who has overcome the odds of history, which we thank Clio for, and has become sacred in song and poetry, to the delight of the heavenly nine. Dance the plight of Young Joe; dance the plight of Randy Poole; dance the plight of the cells which we are bound up in. Melpomene, drop your head at the thought of stained glass windows and gray leather rocking chairs, yet, keep your love for Karmen-Ghias. Look to the skies and see the writings of Urania, who plots and schemes the fate of men: plot the fate of those who need the grade.

PART ONE: SATURDAY NIGHT

I sat on the top of my desk clipping my fingernails with my Mary Jane pinkening shears, trembling after drinking the two cups of coffee *alamode* that I had during supper. My mind was in a state of turmoil. The eternal question of where to put Herb Albert, between Beethoven and the Rolling Stones or between Paul Revere and the Raiders and Herbie Mann, filled my mind with trauma. Young Joe slumped in the gray leather rocking chair with his feet resting on our twin fan heating unit which occupied the south wall of our two man sky blue room. Young Joe was trying to read T. S. Eliot and I was trying to engage him in an intellectual conversation. Joe studied fantastically diligently as he was trying to forget the scandal which robbed our little world when our leader, the Grand Parlook, abdicated to St. Joseph, Michigan with his mistress. I was almost concerned with Young Joe's well-being, since too much T. S. Eliot can prove to be fatal, and besides, I knew Young Joe's secret death wish. The silence of the still May air was violated by the purring Porsche engine of Randy Poole's sister's Karmen-Ghia convertible. I could not make out the vague occupant of the car, but the car was definitely not driven by Randy Poole's sister, for the quick stop gear change, which was characteristic of her driving style, was totally lacking. The single street light reflected once off the pair of sun glasses worn by the unknown driver as he turned, stepping both out of the car and into the shadow cast by a huge statue of Thesil Breoff, the great saint for whom our dorm was named. With silence and intense anticipation, Young Joe yawned. We both listened to the hands on stones as we waited for the fact that would complete the whole. A powerful thrust and the door was thrown open. There beneath the green light which illuminated our abode he stood — Randy Poole.

"One five, baby!" called Young Joe.

"One five!" continued Poole. I smiled shyly. Poole shuffled over to me on his sandaled feet, a virtual winged Mercury, lofty and above the collective trash which found its repose on our floor.

"Kiss my wrist, English major." said Poole with a Hell's Angel grin. I was amazed by his grace and tact. Most vulgarities through our room were repulsed by the significant though slightly soiled symbols of sympathy and sentiment, strewn about systematically with little apparent order. Poole and I were friends even though he cursed me and attacked me ruthlessly. I thank my stars that I was not him. We did, however, need each other like brothers . . . hate is a family affair. Poole was a part of me and I truly affected him deeply. The world could see my influence touching his life. It was the athletic department shirt that I stole that covered his chest. I had hocked my records and my AM-FM multiplex stereo tape electric toothbrush to purchase his sandals. My

father's credit cards filled his pockets. My love for him was obvious; it was natural that he would hate me.

"Man I was comin' through like Danny and the Juniors down 114 and aced you out of a job." Poole held a chicken in his hand. I watched its blood fall, half tear drop like, half raindrop like, to the floor. The blood formed a pool like puddle, shining, shimmering, glimmering, red, cranberry sauce like, between my copy of Spencer's *Systematic Sociology* and Young Joe's Lionel train layout manual. Somehow the chicken looked faintly familiar, but I could not remember if I had met him at last week's Sigma Chi frat party or if we had gone to different schools together. The thought that would implant itself to make the whole situation clearer had not occurred to give the needed significance. Something about Poole's appearance frightened me. I looked for the answer between the gaps in his upper-center toothless smile. Poole bugalooded across the room toward our pink Princess phone. "My God, dial-a-prayer is out of order." I reached for the phone, surely he must be in error, not deliberately, but due to Original Sin, man needs the rendering grace of total baptism by insurrection in the blood of the lamb. A shutter shook me as I listened to the recorded lady give the time and temperature . . . then it struck me, she counted backwards. What could that mean? Young Joe hurled his book aside.

"My God, some place. Turn on the stereo, you people look like you're gonna start thinking. Do you realize what that might mean? What's the bit with the chick Rapoo?" Young Joe said all in one breath.

Poole stepped out of the glow of the green lights that split from their sockets. "God is DEAD," Poole casually insisted.

I closed the distance between Poole and myself. "Heretic!" I cried. "Surely you jest."

Young Joe intervened. "Never deny a falsehood if truth really exists in reality . . . listen to him."

"All right! All right! Let's have some V-8 and sit down and talk this thing over. Maybe Joe's right," Poole said as he began to seat himself. We sat Indian style on the floor, and with great reverence Poole placed the chicken on the gray leather rocking chair.

"Mea culpa, mea culpa." Randy muttered. Poole's face matched the gray of the rocking chair. "It's all over, baby!" whistled Poole. Soon the V-8 visibly effected him.

"I can see why it's eight times as good as tomato juice." Young Joe said.

"It sure doesn't taste like tomato juice." Poole cried. Young Joe just sat back knowingly, with that intense burning smile. He placed Poole on my bed then walked over to the window. Young Joe flipped off the lights from our remote control unit on his desk.

"We've got to get to the bottom of this. What's your opinion?" he said as he turned to me.

I said if the chicken had been a dove I might have been worried, but as it is I see no point to concern ourselves with the whole thing.

"Poor Poole, he's really in bad shape," Young Joe said quietly.

"Yes, you got to admit, ever since the U.F.O. has been dumping milk piles causing the price of chickens to increase on the world markets, everything has been in bad shape," I concluded. Just then the Princess began to ding-a-ling, and for the next 45 minutes, dial-a-prayer called 37 times.

PART TWO: SUNDAY MORNING

Young Joe surveyed the wall to wall mirror which covered the entire east wall of our room. The quiet Sunday had dawned bright leaving us unaware of the new day's entrance into the world. As the sun approached the 20 degree angle in the eastern sky the orange and black drapes were automatically drawn back from the pale gothic stained glass window which allowed us to be bathed in purple sunlight. Young Joe viewed the scene with great compassion as it was reflected from the safety glass, shatter-proof mirror. With equal compassion he lifted his foot and soundly kicked the occupant of the bed that was immediately above his.

My dreams were shattered, never allowing me to know if I had actually escaped the huge seven foot electrical monster who had pursued me throughout my entire dream. My body was in a cold sweat and I still trembled. I gazed at the black ceiling and said my morning prayers which was the only momentary delay of the day. By the time I disengaged myself from the bedsprings, Young Joe was already standing before our violet-stained glass window viewing the outer world. The outer world lives outside our dorm and we respect him not only for what he was, but for what he could be if he would only remain in the state of becoming and not in the state of being. Young Joe smiled at the outer world lovingly. I, too, felt the warm glow of admiration fill my chest as I sat up in bed gazing aimlessly at Joe, outer world, and the sundrops which fell against the stained glass and penetrated the room turned violet, remaining momentarily golden tinged in the fond remembrance of their life before entering our stained glass windowed world. What the sundrops were once, always remained in my mind, which viewed them through the windows of my eyes, the bright golden yellow. Young Joe, too, was caught up in our friends, the sundrops, which left him ever murmuring.

"If light could transcend knowledge, would love bar marriage?" muffled Young Joe. With celebrant like silence I voiced my lack of

knowledge to that answerless question. I realized the battle that tore across Joe's body and soul. His early morning eyes gazed at the life-size, full-color, three-dimensional, dyna-chrome photo of Randy Poole's sister which stood in the place of honor beside the bookcase to the left of my eight-foot statue of "Truth being lead by abstract Science" done in terra cotta. I could tell that he was in total doubt, possibly even despair. He was shaken by the disappearance of the Grand Parlook, which was not really a disappearance since we knew that his mistress was in St. Joseph, Michigan. The U.P.I. reporters still plagued us for comments which we would not even give to the C.I.A. agents, who cleverly disguised themselves as Teeny Boppers and leprechauns and lived in the woods and dells which served as their meeting hall.

I broke this silence which penetrated the violet-tinted room. "Do you want to walk over to Chapelhill Cafeteria for breakfast or should we splurge and call room service?" Even though we were torn by love's struggle, life must go on. My mother convinced me of the value of breakfast during my poached eggs, hot rolls, butter and jelly days at home when Americans would count breakfast and we were a closely knit family united more by pride and tradition than by the poached eggs which we ate in morning fellowship together. I knew I couldn't let my family down and besides Young Joe would surely be uplifted by a hardy breakfast. I picked up the Princess and proceeded to order two butterscotch sundaes and a small sausage pizza for myself and a Russian salad together with 1000 Island dressing and French fried potatoes for Young Joe. I ordered a large beaker of coffee, for coffee is truly valuable in the morning and friends become closer over coffee. Also, Randy Poole would surely need coffee when he regained consciousness after that V-8 he indulged in on the previous evening. I placed the receiver of the Princess down and made my bed. I parted my hair for the day, slipped into my pair of Jesus shoes and matching sweat shirt and cut off levi's since this was Sunday and good clothes were the order of the day. Young Joe remained transfixed before Randy Poole's sister's picture seemingly unperceptive and without concern for the excellent meal that was soon to arrive.

Nicole, our maid and room service girl, arrived carrying the crystal and an original Paul Revere silver tray. She placed it on our coffee table and as she did so she genuflected before the empty throne which our illustrious leader, the Grand Parlook, had used on official state visits to our room. Nicole never took her eyes off Young Joe the whole time she was there, and Young Joe never took his eyes off the picture of Randy Poole's sister. I merely smiled as she left, delicately stepping over the V-8 cans that layed empty and crushed upon the floor. She had the markings of an aristocrat which she carried from her family who had been in the services of the Grand Parlook for nearly five generations.

I called Young Joe so that he might break his fast. Randy Poole, who had been relegated to the gray leather rocking chair, twinged slightly as he became aware of the aroma of the coffee and French fried potatoes, which were his favorite sustenance and main breakfast food. I kicked the chicken aside. In the convulsive activities of the previous night it had escaped the grinder and was now lying on the council table, plucked and purple around the neck with its eyes vacant, dead, and glassy, almost as though it were watching a heavenly war. I was nauseated . . . I could not remember how he could have been plucked, since last night was definitely not beneficial for creative acts of spirit and faith. Young Joe sat on the pallet upon which stood the low Danish Oriental coffee table. He picked at the Russian salad, avoiding the lettuce and tomato in an attempt to keep his girlish figure. Young Joe left the French fried potatoes for Poole, who appeared to be very nearly ready to make his comment on the new day. Poole came to the coffee table where Young Joe had already poured the coffee for Randy and myself, sparing the black brew for himself by taking a bottle of Cherry Herring which I had been saving just for an occasion as this. I used part of my butterscotch sundae for my usual coffee alamode. (The ice cream made a delicious coffee creamer.) Poole parted his teeth and smiled as he joined us at the Danish Oriental coffee table. Poor Poole tried to avoid all mention of the previous night and I knew that I should have tossed the foul chicken into the flagstone covered hall for Nicole or Christine or one of the colored janitors to remove.

Breakfast included the discussion of the night's dreams. Randy began by telling of his adventures in Cyprus where he body surfed most of the night. Young Joe then called a quick halt to everything just as I was about to tell of the seven foot electrical monster. Joe explained that it was Samuel A. Gompers birthday and in memory, he had to play Happy Birthday on his Kazoo end iron slacks. I played the most difficult part — that of an interested audience. Nicole came shortly afterwards with twelve baskets which she used to carry out the remains of our feast. Poole threw himself across Young Joe's bed, flipping as he did so, the switch to our stereo. With expert internship he removed a hypodermic syringe from Young Joe's black magic bag, and found a large, noncollapsed blue vein which crossed his forearm. He smiled as he exerted pressure to the top of the syringe, sending the liquid into his system. A bit of saliva dribbled down his stubby chin as he adjusted his sun glasses and totally blew out. Young Joe waited for a moment, then removed the needle and dabbed the point of interjection with a cotton swab which he dipped in alcohol.

"Some people are really hung up on the happiness thing," he said. I acknowledged the wisdom of his words with a nod. I know Young Joe had made plans with Poole to be off the wall for the day, but now he would bravely stick to reality.

"Would you excuse me for a second while I brush my teeth?" Young Joe said bitingly.

"Of course," I said. I listened to Young Joe's heels click as he shuffled down the hall. I walked to the conference table and gazed down at my featherless friend. I unlocked the drawer in which the sacred papers were kept, then picked up the fowl by its claws and gently layed him along side the sacred pen, then relocked the drawer with an assured twist. The sound of an idling engine caused me to look to the front driveway. My view captured for only a few fleeting seconds a Karmen-Ghia convertible with two occupants. I was sure one must have been Young Joe, but sure I wasn't. The other occupant appeared to be a girl who seemed to be carrying some crystal and an original Paul Revere silver tray. I was reluctant in waiting for Young Joe to return from brushing his teeth. After 45 minutes of boredom I climbed to the top bunk, grabbing as I did so, Youngblood's syringe. There was still a few drops remaining of the sacred fluid intermixed with some of the blood which had escaped from Poole's arm. I listened to the stereo reject the next album then shut itself off, but somehow I never heard the seven foot electrical monster enter the room.

PART THREE: SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Anyway, Young Joe, Nicole, Randy Poole's sister and I sat in the Chapelhill Cafeteria eating, eating potato chips and chicken salad sandwiches during the great snow storm. Him or me was the cry of Paul Revere. Got to be a hundred (it was really 5279.)

Nicole sat discussing chain of being with a Chicago Circle accent, part in French, part in love which died with god as Nietzsche once said. "When will I leave?"

"Seven."

"From Halleck, I suppose."

Joe, after cutting his sandwich into six equal parts (right triangled in shape), countered her with the clipped British tones only those living in Wheaton, Illinois can inflect. "Why this farce, day after day routine? One just never knows."

"It all proves there is no god, no love, all is hopeless, less than lost, never to be one," cried Nicole. My emotions were mixed for a moment and I could only control myself by watching Id and Ego, two of our frat brothers, glutt themselves on potato chips and wisdom that spilt over from our table. The phone rang in my hand and the reality of the occasion struck me: our potato chips were poisoned; death was the ultimate rejection.

ENDING OF THE.

MAY NIGHT — MAY MORNING

Strewn in sunseting silver-tone,
Her unbroken, crystal body shone,
A spray of may flowers snowing down,
Sewing her an evening gown
Her white cascade warmly breathed,
Bearing the seed which she bequeathed.

Wading to be blessed
Of her baptismal flesh,
I wondered where she wandered . . .
How? in her sleepless flow.
In search she called
As sleep enthralled:

"Nearing somewhere, I sail a semper ship,
Seeking someone to follow my timeless trip,
You may drink of me in placid chase,
And walk upon my liquid face;
Never to drown beneath my melting waves
As have false sailors to murky graves."

In a starlight storm she spoke
As in love I awoke:

"Come to me naked,
Come without a name,
Cast off all your doubts,
Chaste of all your shame.
We sail toward morning
Onto brilliant dawn,
To fuse with the sun
Where the daylight spawns."

I knelt upon her swelling crest,
And felt to follow in her caress.
And I believed as east vermillion loomed;
And opened my eyes to see faith's flower bloom.

Robert E. Urban, Jr.

Let us sit and talk, you and I,
For dark fades ever so slowly
Into lightness.
Once I thought I knew them,
Those poetic words
Whispered through the long grass
Towards a gaping sky.
Silence is all I know now,
Naked and fumbling
Standing at the door
Waiting for the musicians
To enter and make merry
Their song in my tired head.

What creature but Fear
Grabbed at the real words
And threw them into the pit.
Was I not left raped of thought
There in the dark and rain
While the wheels still turned
Grinding the sand into the brick?

When the dawn does arrive
By way of the night
Let us be there on the shore
To watch the pregnant sky
Tear the cord
To breathe one more day
Into existence.
There in the broken silence
With the high-priest — Truth
Blessing us thrice
We shall surrender the masks,
And walk away knowing
Each other as the seed knows the Earth.

Peter A. Keiser

PLEASE MOTHER EARTH

You are my mother earth

My cousin is Antæus

Who has taken suck from your forgiving Breast.

That Breast has been true to me even though I have forsaken it
For the Hedon pursuit of gracelessness.

Your Beauty my mother earth

Caused the sea lord to leave his roam

And seek you out on a storm wrought beach

Day and Night watched as you two rocked and beckoned
To one another locked in unchaste embrace

And it was his seed that found fertile loam
In your ripened womb. You and He are Me.

Your distress was of short duration to Uncle Time

Who delivered me and gave me life separate from yours
And broke the Cord and Spoke me awake.

My mouth suckled at that marvelous breast
Which also suckled my sisters Summer and Spring

And my brothers Autumn and Winter.
They were old and did not get jealous
As you held and nurtured Me.

I have little knowledge of my Father,
Because I was raised alone by you Mother Earth,
And once he had conquered he was no longer again to return
To that fertile site of your Woman whom you so much are.
He has betrayed the other half and it remains for me to be true,
Though I fear that I have already in haste left you.
Come to me Mother. Mother please, suckle and hold me again
In the folds and warmth of your tender being.
Mother I badly need you now.

I am your Son, MAN, Mother Earth.
Hear Me, Hear Me please Mother.
I am alone and can't see Night or Day,
Uncle Time is teasing again, stop him please.
I no longer fear fire because of the you in Me.
If you show me back to the way, I won't leave again.
I have broken down Mother, I have no Cousin Future to save me.
Past is hounding Me. Most off Mother Earth,
Stop Inevitable. I fear him most.

Francis X. Davis

REFLECTIONS IN DARKNESS

Jerry Patterson

There have been many times in my life when I felt like giving up. Those days that dragged agonizingly along. Those were the times when all I wanted was to get to the end — to flop down in bed and sleep away my troubles without a care for the next day. I guess everyone feels like that occasionally. Like you just want to have a good, healthy cry. Don't get me wrong. I'm not a sadist or anything like that. I've really enjoyed life. I think I've always been pretty happy. But there are just those times. Usually it's a cold, rainy day, and there are lots of grey clouds floating around in the sky.

That's how I felt last Thursday. I wasn't feeling very well to start with, and school didn't help matters any. I got a "D" on my science test, Mrs. Witcherly yelled at me for sleeping in study hall, and I almost got in a fight after school. I was feeling pretty low when I got home, maybe depressed is a better word, so I sat and read the rest of the afternoon. Science fiction stories always fascinated me. That was the best medicine I knew to make me feel better. But when Dad came home and found out that I didn't rake leaves after school, I didn't feel so good again.

"Why can't you accept a little responsibility like everyone else in the family? There's more to life than just playing, you know. One day you want to know why you can't have a larger allowance, and the next day you pull a crazy stunt like this. People have to work hard for what they get in life. When I was your age, I had to . . ."

I had heard the story before. In fact, I knew it so well, I could have stopped him at any point and added the next line myself. But I didn't bother to quibble. Anyway, it passed in due time.

Supper sure was quiet though. I didn't feel like talking and I guess no one else did either, except Sis who usually has a lot to say about nothing in particular. After supper, I helped Sis with the dishes, then I went to my room.

I finished reading the science fiction story, then I tried to work on a speech I had to give the next morning. If there's one thing in school that I've actually learned to hate, it's speech class. First of all, I never liked standing in front of the whole class — everybody staring at me. And never knowing what Old Lady Witcherly was going to pounce on me for next.

"You're swaying too much. Stand up straight. Not so fast. Repeat that last sentence, using the proper grammar this time. Get your hands out of your pockets."

How the hell is a guy suppose to give a speech with all that jabber going on?

The last thing I felt like doing that night was write a speech about Abraham Lincoln. I got started, but just couldn't get anywhere with it. I kept staring out the window, thinking about the day I would go to the moon and have all kinds of exciting adventures. I wouldn't need to know anything about Abraham Lincoln then. Maybe I should read another story. No, gotta get this speech finished. I argued with myself like that for about fifteen minutes, wrote a few more lines, and finally decided I'd finish it in the morning.

I played a quick game of solitaire, then crawled into bed. It never felt so good. I said a few prayers. Bless Mom and Dad, and Bill, and Sis, and Genny, and me. Forgive me for disappointing Dad today. And please, God, help me with that speech. You know how much I hate it. Thanks for everything. See you tomorrow.

I was so tired I didn't even want to think about things. But the more I tried not to think about anything, and concentrated on going to sleep, the more alert I became. That merely added to my frustration. Suddenly, I found myself thinking about the dollar I owed Jim and had forgotten to pay back. Then I remembered that I hadn't sent Grandma a thank-you card for my birthday present. I had put it off for over a week. I must do that tomorrow. I wish that speech were over. What if I don't get finished? Can't wait till basketball practice after school. Only good part of the day.

Pass me the ball quick! There was only a half hour left in the game and it was my turn to score. The ball came at me very slowly,

floating through the air like a giant dandelion fluff. I caught the ball in my mit and started to run, but the crowd stood up and booed.

What? Where was I? Oh, yeah, basketball practice. Remember to take gym bag to school. Saturday I'll be working in Wilson's Sporting Goods Store. I guess I like working there so much because of all the people I meet. It's fun selling things, too. Some day I'm going to make a really important sale. Maybe Dr. Richly will want to buy some expensive hunting equipment.

No, Doc, can't say as I recommend that name to you. We carry something a little more in line with the quality you require. Can't beat this construction. Note the shaft. Guaranteed not to . . . of course, there's many other advantages, but . . . for deer season . . . sold . . .

I really don't pretend to know a whole lot about life. I suppose most people would say I should know quite a bit, especially now, but it's not so. In a way, some things are a lot clearer to me, but that happens in life, too. Sometimes something would hit me a certain way and it was like I could actually feel myself looking out of my body, and seeing all the objects around me. It made me feel like I was a special person — me — completely above those objects, and yet someone I'm not sure I knew very well. Or else I'd stare at a person I see every day and suddenly he'd seem different, or I'd realize I hadn't noticed some aspect of his physical make-up before. Just for that brief, passing second everything becomes very clear in relation to who you are. It makes you feel like there's a special reality in the world.

It's an exciting moment, both frightening and enjoyable at the same time. It's like learning how to ski the first time — or going down a large hill on a toboggan. You can't forget the first feeling of thrill, but as time passes the excitement of the moment becomes very hazy, and if you don't have faith in yourself you almost doubt if it really happened that way. I mean it's almost easier to dismiss the moment as absurd because most of life isn't like that. I don't know. I don't want to draw any conclusions. I just wanted to say that some things seem a little clearer to me now — like a prolonged moment of insight.

I haven't really told you very much about me. Most of the events of my past life are unimportant. They'll all be forgotten soon enough. If the others that already know about them can forget so quickly, why should I bother telling you? My life wouldn't be very interesting anyway — just filled with a lot of little insignificant details that anyone could match without much imagination. I just want you to know (I think it's okay if I say this) that I have been a good kid. I've made mistakes and done some sinning, but I never really wanted to hurt anybody. I didn't mind school that much, and like I already said, I think I've always been pretty happy with life. But I don't mean to

sound too intellectual. These are just some of my thoughts as I lie here now, thinking and waiting. Maybe I'd better finish telling what happened Friday and Saturday.

When I awoke Friday morning, I received the shock of my life. It was 9:00 a.m. I had never overslept before. Suddenly I realized that I couldn't move. No part of my body would respond. It really startled me because I was all set to jump out of bed with one big surge of energy, when the effort went absolutely nowhere. It was like expecting one more step and not finding it. The initial shock really jars you. So after the double shock, I knew I was fully awake.

Just then Mom called out. "Marty, are you up yet? You're missing school, you know? You should say something if you're sick, dear."

I immediately began to share my bewilderment when suddenly I realized I wasn't sharing anything at all. I was talking at a comet's pace, but no sound was coming out. That really confused me. There I lay, paralyzed and dumb. For the first time in my life I saw just how important communication really is. In the short while that I lay there, I thought of a million ways of expressing myself. I could relate my tale in a variety of emotions, each calling forth a variety of responses; each individual account revised, edited, in short — perfected. Except for one thing. I couldn't even make an audible groan.

"Marty, you might at least answer me."

Mom, would you please stop yelling at me and come in here. She probably thinks I'm up already. Until someone opens that door, there's nothing I can do but lie here and wait. It's very restful in one sense, but I wish I knew what was going on. There must be a logical explanation. Things like this just don't happen without some reason.

Knock, knock, knock. "Marty!" Click. Open door. Swish of air. Four giant steps forward. Klunk, klunk, klung, klunk. Stop. "Mart, what's the matter with you?" Silence. Sigh. Movement. "Are you awake, dear?"

Boy, her hand feels warm on my forehead. Unless . . . unless . . . I'm colder than usual.

SCREAMLOUDTERRIBLELONGSHRILL

Did I frighten you, Mother? What's happening? Why are you hugging and kissing me so? This is almost embarrassing. I can feel your tears. They're hot, too.

Suddenly she left me. I could follow her footsteps, Running. Short of breath. Out of my room. Door still open. Whimpering. Down the steps. Through the living room. Around the table. Open door. Open door. No more footsteps. "Betty, Betty!"

She's calling Mrs. Sims, our next-door neighbor. Poor Mother. I must have really scared her. This is beginning to scare me now, too.

Maybe there's really something wrong with me. I did have a cold yesterday. I want to get out of bed!

Footsteps. Pause. More footsteps. "Upstairs." (Gasp) "Bedroom on the left." Sixteen stomps. Running. Stop. Presence. Sixteen more stomps. Running. One on either side. Close. Hand on my chest. Hand on my wrist. Really now!

"Well?"

"Yes, Mary . . . he's dead."

d e a d

I'd heard the word before, but never so clearly. The word became a deafening siren sounding in the silence. Flash. Moment of insight. Time stopped still. Paralyzed. No communication. Unfinished. Separated. Teeter-totter of *hope* + *despair*. Thick fog. Moment passed.

So there I lay, trying to fathom the meaning of being dead. Not much I could do about it, of course, Not even cry. Merely accept the situation as already having happened. It was unlike anything I had been taught to expect. Was I different, or had the others merely guessed what death would be like? The whole thing was very confusing at first, but I'm getting used to it. I have to laugh now at some of the thoughts that first entered my mind.

Mom, I'm sorry to make you cry. If I'd only known a little in advance. There's so much I should have said. It's been so long since I told you I love you. I wish I had had time to thank Dad for letting me use the car so often. And for all the talks we've had together. And Bill — I never told him how proud I was of his work in college. I wanted to tell Sis how much I care about her, too. I'm afraid I've taken her so much for granted. And my dear Genny. I wish I could have written her a long letter last night. I would have opened my heart to her, and talked on and on, like I never could do very easily. I wonder what she'll think. Will she be unsure of my love? There's so much left unshared. So much I wanted to tell her. Grandma will probably think I forgot to thank her, and Jim — that I forgot about his dollar. If I'd only known. I would have stayed up all night writing notes to people. Now they'll never know if I really cared about them or not.

At least I don't have to give that awful speech. But the way I feel now, I'd be willing to give ten speeches just to be able to talk again. I really didn't hate it as much as I thought. Somehow things seem much different this morning. And I don't feel silly about saying words like "I love you" either — if only I could say them.

The next thing I knew, Dr. Richly and Dad were standing next to me. The doctor's breathing was steady; his hands, quiet, inquisitive, and quick. "You'd better make that call now."

Dad left the room, and everyone else followed suit. I was hurt at first that no one remained behind, then I realized that I was a source of sorrow to them. And besides, what good would it do them to stay with me if I couldn't say anything anyway? I heard the doctor talking in the hallway but I couldn't make out his words. He must have been explaining the cause of my death. But what was it? Surely I hadn't just up and died for no reason at all.

The next significant event I remember was the arrival of an ambulance. Dad picked me up, put me over his shoulder, and carried me downstairs. I felt like a little baby being burped. He put me on a cot and he and Mr. Graveland (the manager of Graveland Funeral Home) carried the cot to the ambulance.

As we were riding to the funeral home, my thoughts went back to what I was leaving behind. The books and pictures on my desk. An overdue library book. The unfinished speech. Would they laugh? Who would go through my desk? Would they cherish the little knick-knacks I had loved, or would they merely chuck them away like a ball of dust — almost disgusted by the handling of it? Who would get the money in my desk? So many details to think of. Somehow each trivial item, even the room, seemed so much a part of my life. Now I was leaving all behind, going naked into another country. (Poor Abraham!)

I cannot honestly say that my stay at the Funeral Home was entirely pleasant. I spent the first few hours in the basement — the preparation room, as I heard it referred to. A terribly disgusting place. I never thought I would be subjected to such an event in my life, let alone my death. I'm hardly in the mood for reliving that experience, even in words, so suffice it to say that after being pierced, drained, filled, creamed, sprayed, manicured, painted, and neatly dressed, I emerged supposedly more beautiful than I had been twenty-four hours earlier. Ridiculous. Anyway, I endured it. I hope it made somebody happy!

I was laid out in my casket, crucifix in hand. I could almost laugh at that. I hardly impressed people as being that holy. But I endured it. I guess it looked good. Then I was taken upstairs to the receiving room until noon the next day, surrounded by all sorts of smelly flowers. That was nice, too, but hardly what I was used to.

That night the people in the town, my family, relatives, and friends all came to visit me. It reminded me of speech class — all the people staring at me. Almost overnight I had become the center of attention. Tears shed over me, sighs sighed, prayers prayed. I never thought people cared that much. I guess if they never told me before, they were trying to tell me then. But ironically, I couldn't even whisper thank you — at least not audibly.

The preacher led a prayer service at 8:00. He read a few prayers and the people recited some mournful psalms which I guess you could consider appropriate. Then the people filed passed to look at me. You should have heard some of the comments. When you come right down to it, it was a lot like when people leaned over my crib to utter some meaningless phrase. Oh, I know they all mean well, but it was all so nice that I actually got to wishing that someone would have yelled at me. And how could anyone say I looked so natural with all that gook on me?

It hurt to see Mom and Dad take it so hard. I knew I would miss them, too. Sis was quiet for once. Even Mrs. Witcherly cried — never thought I'd see the day. My schoolmates were there. I guess most of them really didn't know what to think. There were lots of people I didn't know very well. Friends of Mom and Dad obviously. Then I heard Tommy Wise's voice.

"You know, Coach, Marty would have made one of the best forwards ever to play on our basketball team."

That's a pile of bullshit, Thomas Wise, and you know it!

That's the kind of thing that made me mad. Tommy really thought I should have been the sixth member of the team so he could be a starter. The whole evening really confused me. People acted so differently. Most of them didn't know what to say. It made me feel uneasy.

Genny was real. Her tears moved me. I knew she loved me. I knew she knew I loved her. But I still wanted to speak to her. She stood over the casket, her head in her hands, crying. I couldn't resist the urge any longer. I raised my head and shoulders off the pillow and looked into her eyes. "Genny," I whispered.

She looked up for a second then put her hand on my chest and gently pushed me back to my former position. "Don't fight it, Marty. Everything will be all right."

No one else in the room had noticed. I understood. At least I had made the final effort to communicate and succeeded. Now I could rest quietly.

The night passed slowly. Silence. Silence. A good time for reflecting. Something I would become used to.

A few more visitors came Saturday morning. My family, of course, was there the whole time. And Bill had come home from school. About noon they transported me to church. There was a service at 2:00.

I never liked funerals much, not that I had ever attended very many, but they always left me confused. Was I not, after all, still me? I needed the encouragement to face the future, but so does everyone. Why then, the darkness of the closed casket, the six candles, the nice eulogy, the hymns, all in my honor?

The procession to the cemetery was long and slow, but I enjoyed every minute of movement — my last for some time. They set me next to the grave. A few more prayers. Those last few words I really cherished. Hope, Marty, not despair. I have much to look forward to, despite the agony of separation. The people started to leave.

What's that on the casket? A hand? It must be Genny. Yes, love, I know.

Some time passed before I was lowered into the grave. Still at last. Then came the shovels of dirt. Thump. Thump. Thump. Come in, I thought jokingly. But no one dared.

It's Sunday morning now and here I lie. I can faintly hear the birds singing. It must be a nice day, despite the darkness. I'm assured of visitors occasionally, but the silence is my main company. I've had time to think. I don't know why I should have died so young. The past seems so short now. Would I have changed much if I lived longer? Why should I have lived this long? Will my future be any different now? Questions. Questions. So many questions left unanswered. So many answers left unfinished. I never understood life, why should I be expected to understand death?

And yet, there are some things that I see more clearly. It's like one prolonged second of insight. That plunge into reality, engulfing me now. Darkness does admit some light. But even if I could put my growth in understanding into words, you already know I'm not able to communicate it, try as I might.

Last week's concerns are insignificant now. Tomorrow's plans, abandoned. So I lie here waiting, waiting. Am I going too gently into that good night? What would you say, Mr. Thomas? Maybe you weren't thinking of me. Anyway, I must search on my own now.

I search alone. I wait alone. Waiting for what? An end? A beginning? Or do I merely continue? Wait for a surprise. More insights. Feeble. Passive. And yet, am I not still me?

I could go on. Maybe that's just the point. I'm afraid my story, like my questions, like my life, like my death, remains unfinished . . .

a piece of doggeral

There is a bomb
by god yes
a bomb

behind every bush
there is a
culture center

and beautiful trees
and scrunched
leaves

asking only for autumn
and getting
way-out artists

signing their
policies
because of

the bomb
and the happy
parties

in the two-
party system
while night

comes upon them
and they feel
the cold

with the dampness
creeping in
between the

lines of the
old men's
faces

while the horror
of tomorrow's
dawn

brings the
bomb and
other trivia.

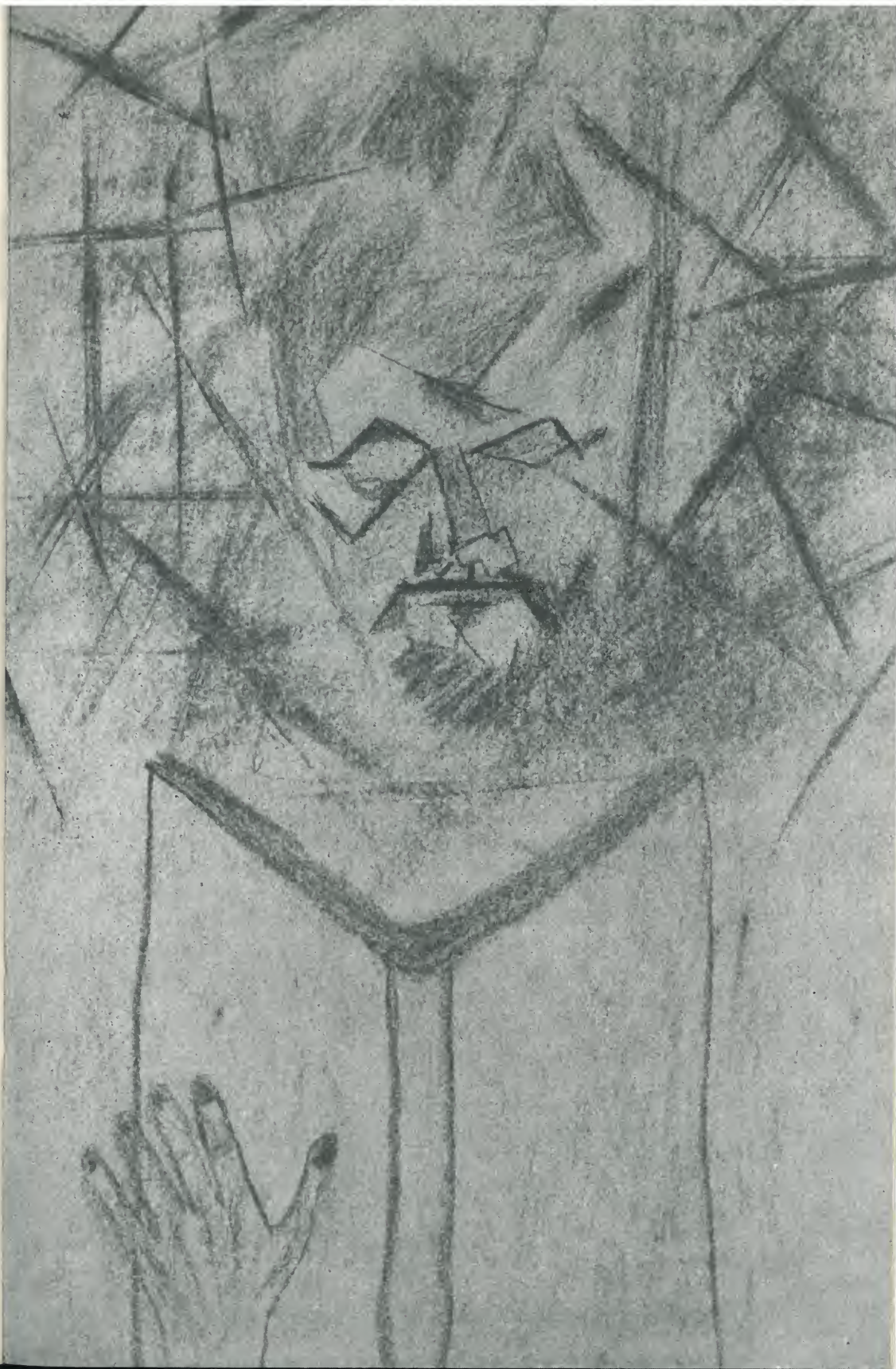
Isoult La Desirous

HIMSELF

Lights flicker on in the darkening night.
Cold north winds blow past silent sentinels of mankind.
Life seems lost in the simplicity of nature,
 While the labyrinths of civilization faze nobody.

A silent figure gazes out of his open window.
And sees traffic flowing past below.
He looks up to the simplicity of nature
 Then down into complexity,
Longing to be part of simplicity.
But he isn't because he is not himself.
He is the world and the world is him.

Charles J. Mescher



THE SEA

Man walks through the sands of time,
Buffeted by the sea of life.
He walks on and on, until he is swallowed up
And drowned by the final storm;
The sand loses all traces of his passage.

Life can be going your way
Like a warm and windy Sunday afternoon,
Drenching the skin and the soul
With happiness and companionship;
The sea is shimmering aluminum.

But, inevitably, there comes a fleet of storm clouds
Bent on destroying the sun,
And you are left alone;
The sea has lost its sheen
And begins to surge landward . . .

The languid liquid becomes molten,
Boiling over, seeking you out.
What once was joyful is now angry;
You must look around and clutch
At anything that offers comfort and protection.

If you find a rock, the storm is weathered;
But if it crumbles or fails to be there
When you need it,
You will be drawn out into the sea
And tossed about like a tiny cork until you die.

Wisdom is knowing what to grab
And how long to hold on.
When all is calm again, begin your journey anew;
Seek out the pearls
Brought in by former wrathful waves.

The winds of change blow in constantly changing directions;
They bring another new day — another chance;
The sea is serene now, oblivious to all that has happened;
Forgetful of the lonely people who once again tread the beach,
And having survived once, wonder . . .

Raymond Kresha

COUNTRY LIVING

Anonymous

Ginny's dustmop swishing in the hall and mutterings about her ailments and her old man and David's regular breathing through the sliding doors to his room and his ties hanging from the mirror and the picture of the football team next to the wall to his bathroom and the sound of Edwin Barnard's newspaper rustling and his office cup clicking into the saucer from the sideporch and Mrs. Barnard instructing the yardboy about the shrubs by the garage and a musty smell of tennis shoes and scratching last night's mosquito bites and feeling the heat already creeping up the stairwell with a smell of furniture polish and lilacs and Michael Barnard knew with certainty and with a smile at the ceiling and a bound out of bed and a pillow hurled in the general direction of David's bed through the sliding doors, that this was the first, the very first day of summer.

Klowski's has the best meat in town. It's an independent store and has to compete with the Jewel and the A & P, but it has the best meat in town and fresh eggs and country cream. You can charge things there and get a monthly bill or a bi-yearly bill which is the way a lot of the farmers pay. Mr. Klowski's son makes deliveries everyday after school and there are extra clerks working all day Saturday.

"Your grandfather bought that desk in London in 1903," Mrs. Barnard said. "Bessie Calder always wanted it. At parties she used to leave finger-smudges all over the top." She paused, frowned and continued bitterly, "Well now she has it, and it really doesn't matter because it will put you through another year of school."

The workmen carried the desk down the stairway and out the wide front door to the lawn.

"Why didn't you let them back the truck up to the house?" Michael asked.

"They're vulgar and their truck is vulgar and their hands are vulgar, almost as vulgar as Bessie Calder. I called the bank before I cashed her check."

Bending down she picked a cake of mud from the rug. "Damn them, damn them all to hell," she said flatly and slowly climbed the stairs, took two sleeping pills and went to bed. "Damn them, damn them," which was the only real curse she knew.

"The trouble with Cayuta is that the people here see entirely too much of one another and are secretly and not-so-secretly bored with themselves. Next time you're at a bridge or cocktail party, listen and if they don't sound

like a barnyard, I'll be damned," Judge Hooper said with a deep chuckle and twinkling eyes.

The A. O. Smith house is built on the highest hill in town and in the winter the town children sled there. Old Senator Smith built the house and had the first black servants in town and a second wife who went insane. But in the winter the children would sled there, climb to the top and zoom clear across Greentree Street into the park. Michael Barnard and Liddy Snow, Martha Addington's grand niece, saw Mrs. Smith at one of the narrow second floor windows and she waved at them gaily and they ran home as fast as they could to Michael's house, because it was closest and Ginny fixed them hot chocolate and told them not to worry about Mrs. Senator Smith, jest because she was teched in the head.

Mrs. Kent has taught at the grade school for almost forty years. She drives an old Chevy and hit a two-hundred pound sow with it on the way to school one morning, broke two headlights, dented in the whole front of the car and was in the hospital for a week, much to the delight of her students. The road was wet and it was a misty morning with ground fog coming over from the fields and sitting on the road and the river was all steamy and mysterious looking.

Judge Hooper fell down his front steps on the ice last Sunday and broke his hip. He is in room 205 of the Grant County Hospital and is allowed visitors.

Miss Lidia Snow is in town this week in regard to her aunt's estate. She dined with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morris Sunday and was entertained at a card party yesterday afternoon at the home of the Yates sisters. She plans to leave the city Monday to return to Paris.

Edwin M. Barnard, 58, a prominent Cayuta attorney and civic leader, was found late this morning fatally wounded at his farm on River Road. Mr. Barnard's body was discovered by Jessie Wilkes, a tenant on the farm, at around eleven o'clock in the main barn. Details of the tragedy are not known at this time, but Curtis Davis, Grant County Coroner, said that the shotgun wound appeared to have been self-inflicted. The body was removed to the Barnard home in Cayuta and from there to Mahon's Funeral Chapel. Funeral arrangements have not been made at this time.

There were four divorces, one paternity suit, assorted wife-beatings, four or five evictions, and about two hundred cats born in the Triangle last year.

Lidia Snow — bumpy shorts and tangled hair — daring the cat, legs spread and feet planted solidly on the porch floor — daring the cat, that old cat — to come up the steps. Aunt-Martha-Addington, My-Aunt-Martha-Addington, My-father's-Aunt-Martha-Addington, but it was never anything but Aunt Martha to anyone but Aunt Martha. Liddy crashing up the stair-

way kicking the brass treads and smudging the banister and scuffling down the hall and kicking her door open and banging about her room: "Goodness, Liddy, must you make so much noise?" Summers in Cayuta and sometimes at Christmas when not with her mother in Chicago and then one day, when Liddy was twelve with her aunt all vacations and then Europe and then coming home as little as possible.

"Michael Barnard! You've gotten so tall!" said Liddy, singling Michael out from the group of young people on the country club terrace, "My goodness, you're so big!" She smiled and laughed at him, and he scowled and wanted her more than anything he had ever wanted.

Dear Michael,

You must stop by sometime during the vacation and bring your marvelous roommate. I'll simply die cooped up with Aunt Martha Addington! She'll have all her creaky old friends in for bridge or something — not that they aren't marvelous old dears — but Michael, stop by and we'll drink up all the cooking sherry or something.

It was great fun seeing you at Thanksgiving and relax, she didn't hear us come in. I do love you, Michael, do . . . do . . . love . . . you . . . Not really, of course, but I have to say that to someone at least once a week.

Liddy

Swanson's Junction, a little town seven miles north of Cayuta, has been a ghost-town for nearly twenty-five years since the brick-works closed. The quarry on the east edge of the village is filled with water and there are little over-grown islands that are good for fishing. There is a story that a crane is at the bottom of the pit and that when the water is clear you can just see the top of the boom. I've never seen it, but I saw a dead racoon floating in the water one day.

It all had something to do with property — most generally who owned what and why; and specifically it had to do with her property, she paying the check and he letting her, and she buying him things like cashmere trousers because he had made her laugh one weekend. But then he earned his own cigarette money. Major things like apartments, automobiles, cashmere trousers and steamship tickets were her prerogative; minor things like loving her were his.

"I like the feel of a man through blue-jeans," Liddy said. "Why don't you wear them more often?"

"I wore them to a dinner party once and someone thought I was a poet, and someone else thought I was in advertising," Michael answered.

On one side of Blackberry Creek Road is Grant County and on the other side is Temple County and all you have to do is cross the road and you're in one county or the other.

You can know Grant County in a number of ways. You can come to

know it in terms of the river — a brown sluggish stream with sway-backs and long silent s's, a river that nobody bothers with because it's not scenic, because you can't float anything on it but rowboats or turn it into a lake because the county is too flat in most places to hold water. And if you know Grant County in terms of the river, you know it as it was a century and a half ago, because the river and its banks, except for the intrusion of a bridge or a river-rat's shack, is timeless.

It threatens the county seat from three sides, and before a government conservation project, flooded it every spring. And that is how the Triangle developed, because low ground was cheap in the Triangle and still is, and that's where the poor live. But if you are fortunate enough to live on higher ground you can stay dry in the spring and enjoy the floods.

My grandfather and I used to climb Judge Hooper's cupola and watch the thin brown line widen day by day, at first almost invisibly, and later faster and faster until it crested and all the Triangle and the farmland beyond became part of the river.

And from the Judge's cupola or the tower of the courthouse you learn something else about Grant County. You learn that it's big. Mile upon mile of land with clumps of trees following the river, highways moving off in four directions: Route 4 north to Chicago and south to Robinson; Route 18 east to the Indiana border, and west to Macomb, the railroads, too, slicing through the town and rushing off toward the horizons.

From a farm truck you can feel the land, its smell and its power. Blind hallways of corn in the summer with nothing but burning blacktop ahead and behind you; and the north wind tearing across the fields in the winter, piling up snow five feet deep behind the snow fences and grabbing at straw around the foundations of gaunt, tightly curtained farmhouses, evil smelling with the smell of stove oil, a smell that clings to the farmers all winter and something you smell all through the stores from October to May. In the spring you can see the first tenuous green popping out along the roads and quilts and blankets flapping north on clotheslines. After a few weeks of furious activity in the fall, it relaxes. The corn goes down under the pickers and the trees pull in for the winter and you can walk the fields in a red cap with the furrows and if you know the land, take off that cap and in brown cords and a tweed jacket, blend as confidently as any pheasant or rabbit.

Or you can know Grant County in terms of distance and gloss over its short-comings, how it destroyed many and made a lot of people rich who have no business being rich, how it broke the spirit of Ginny Morecraft, Greentree Street's best cleaning woman, who screamed at the silver in the pantry that she had cleaned enough toilet dirt to make her nose turn brown; who walked down Greentree Street every Thursday and Sunday afternoons when she was a live-in, with her back as straight as the hands on the clock

in the Presbyterian steeple pointing noon, until one day in 1928 at the age of eighteen, she realized that she wasn't as good as Greentree Street and never would be and how she grew squat and old and ugly and how she finally dropped blood out of the front of her and down her legs on to Millie Yates polished kitchen floor and died.

But then this in't Ginny Morecraft's story. Ginny's been dead since I was ten and I can't tell her story. This is Grant County's story, or part of it, and it started long before I was ten and even before old Ginny Morecraft was ten — it may even have started before the river.

Old Scandal

Judge Hooper was old all Michael Barnard's life. He must have been young, perhaps with Michael's grandfather, because Michael had seen photographs of his grandfather as a young man, and Judge Hooper is in many of the photographs, or so Michael was told. But he couldn't conceive of him as having ever been young. The Judge was always too old to climb to his cupola with Michael and his grandfather to watch the floods in the spring. The Judge would stand at the attic stairs and yell up to Michael and his grandfather, and they would yell down to him information about the flood or about politics and the Judge would yell up gossip so dead that even Michael's grandfather didn't always know what the Judge was talking about.

Judge Hooper graduated from the Northwestern Law School in 1912 and immediately went to work in his father's bank. When the bank went under in 1933, the Judge simply ran for a vacant county seat and won the election because everybody knew him and no one knew his opponent. And the county knew everything about Judge Hooper, who his parents were and who his grandparents were — all his sins and even which drawer of his chiffoniere he kept his handkerchiefs in.

Down Greentree Street, left to right, one gentle lazy curve where the river touches Kearney Avenue, turn right and the Addington place about two miles out of town with porches and bays moving off in queer directions, colored windows surprising you on stairways and at the backs of closets. And old Miss Martha Addington, a real fright, mostly in gray winter and summer with yellow lace against yellowed skin and dirty diamonds popping out here and there. Everybody knows old Miss Addington, but nobody knows her better than fat old Ginny Morecraft and Judge Jacob Hooper who had her once in 1911 on the 18th green of the Cayuta Country Club . . . Caddys still talk about that one when the Judge wheezes through nine holes Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Miss Addington just sits at home and eats dead cats and sets her handyman Willie on kids in the raspberries. She's got some old brown envelopes with the Northwestern Law School on them that she keeps in a cubbyhole of her mother's desk on the front landing.

Ginny sees them all the time but never has had a chance to read them, but the ribbons — purple and white — always fresh. He calls her Martha and she calls him Jake and they smile at each other a lot, sad around the eyes. "Has her will in his safe. Eats dead cats," says Ginny. "Leave them alone," says Father. "They're old together."

There was constantly the wind, racing across the fields from the north, hurling fistfulls of corn stubble and snow against the rosebrick of the house and Martha Addington sat in a window of the big northeast bedroom, her parents bedroom, and watched the winter and the river almost a mile across the field. Sometimes she did needlepoint, but her hands were often idle because she had been doing needlework for nearly fifty years; an accomplishment, a lady's accomplishment, learned at the Mary Lyon School at Cedarbluff, and how to sit in a chair with one's back resting lightly against the back of the chair, legs crossed primly at the ankles — only women of questionable character lounged in a chair. Martha Addington shook her head. A lady of seventy-five years and now sitting in a window in the middle of winter and drying up and blowing away.

Tonight I shall dance. I shall wear my white dress and dance and I shall remember delightful things like Papa and I at the Savoy in London and Mr. Kipling at our table and how proud of Papa I was and all the nice young men who came to my party and Mama and Papa and I in the dining room archway and yellow roses all over the house and on the stair banister and the windows open to the night and the red flannel I rubbed on my cheeks and lips and how Mama caught me doing it and let me do it anyway, because it was my day and my dance. And Papa and I walking in the orchard with his hand on my waist and how strong his hand felt and how we sat in the grass . . . Oh God, Oh God, he held me close and I said, "Papa, Papa please," and his hands and then he . . . Oh God! Oh God! Oh, Papa! Papa!

"It is important, Martha, always to remember who and what you represent," said Miss Penelope R. Tate. "As a lady of good family, you have certain obligations to be of credit to that family and what it stands for."

No it wasn't me. I just thought it was me. It was really Mrs. Crowley from Sycamore. It was Elinore Crowley with Papa in the orchard. I saw them. I remember. I know. They were all drinking cocktails on the porch and Mr. Crowley's car was in the driveway and I was sick and I was in my room and I wanted to walk in the orchard because I could smell the blossoms and I saw Mr. Crowley's car in the driveway and Mr. Appleton's Buick with gray upholstery and I could hear Jake laughing at Mr. Crowley's jokes and I wanted to walk in the orchard . . .

The laundress said that there were stains on the sheets and how she had to scrub to get them out of Mrs. Addington's fine linen and how you could always tell a growing boy by stains on his sheets. Jake for the weekend.

I shall dance tonight. I shall open all the shutters in the parlor and I shall dance tonight in my white dress and I shall drink champagne and I shall walk in the orchard. And tomorrow, tomorrow I must not remember. It is bad to remember and I must finish this needlepoint.

Miss Martha Addington died in early June of 1965. Her estate, including farm land, Cayuta real estate, stock in the Cayuta Trust and Savings Bank, cash and other securities totaled some three million dollars. One million went to the Grant County Hospital, one hundred thousand to the library for the construction of a new building. Willie Blackwood, Miss Addington's handyman received a house on the Addington homestead and the sum of five-thousand a year until his death. The Addington family home was bequeathed to the Cayuta Women's Club, the DAR, and the Cayuta Cortillion Society, (which disbanded a year later), on the condition that no major alterations or changes in the home or its furnishings be made beyond normal maintenance. The residue of the estate went to a grand niece, Miss Lidia Snow of Paris, France. Judge Jacob Hooper and Miss Snow were appointed executors of the estate in conjunction with the Cayuta Trust and the Chase Manhattan of New York. Judge Hooper removed a bundle of letters from a desk on the Addington premises before the property was transferred to the heirs.

She would wake sometimes at night and ask him, "Michael, are you there?" And this would happen often and he would answer, "Yes, Liddy, I'm here." Then she would sleep and things would be alright until morning.

Coming Home

The rain in Paris against the windows of the Ritz in great driving sheets. A green-gray light, murmers of conversation and Liddy talking quietly and a young waiter, clumsy, who couldn't stop looking at her and Michael Barnard and the jealousy he felt and pride, too. Liddy talking quietly, smiling across the table and their knees touching under the table. Smoking and talking quietly and coffee, lingering because of the rain and because the dining room was quiet, people starting to leave and the waiters lounging against the walls and the stringed quintet still played because they were still there and a great warm pleasant feeling and a stirring in his belly. A breath-taking emptiness — he couldn't bear to leave her at night and toward the end never did. Wet together in the courtyard and the concierge in a glass cage — the stairway winding around the elevator and the fresh biting smell of the rain through an open window on the landing. A curved door handle and a dim afternoon apartment. Coffee and Liddy's paintbox on the mantle. Sinking into the rug staring later at the ceiling and noticing a molding for the first time and then the sun in the morning and Liddy rattling the coffeepot at the stove.

You walked up five steps, turned right and went up three steps and then you had to be quiet because the floor creaked and Grandmother Barnard's rooms were below that part of the attic and she kept a gun in one of the steamer trunks in the corner and always worried about one of us shooting it even though the firing pin was broken. Bought to keep at the cottage at Green Lake because the Peacocks had a place around the point and were always getting robbed. She fired in the air at someone's chauffeur one night who was drunk and was after one of the Peacock's maids and scared our Ginny so badly that Grandfather had to give her a raise. Two trunks belong to him — gray, brown, blue suits, a morning coat, gloves, shirts fresh from the laundry in 1952, sweaters, pipes, T.B. germs maybe, pictures, letters, cuff-button box and studs and shoes and ties — Grandfather, or what's left of him. Behind some chairs in front of the dormer windows — trees go on and on forever up there — reading and dreaming and then one day a girl in high school who wouldn't let you unless you wore one. And Liddy rattling coffee at the stove.

They were young together for a few months, two summer months, and escaped Paris and various family that was always showing up and hid at Santiago de Compestella in the mountains and by the sea in Spain. The rain followed them there, too, and the tedium of the place began making them jumpy, but they stayed because the house had been rented from a mutual friend. Then Liddy got nasty about an electric bill and demanded that Michael pay it and he did and the rain lasted all day, not like earlier in the summer when only the mornings were rainy. They both began drinking a lot and were bad to each other in ways that couldn't be taken back and weren't taken back. Then they made the mistake of realizing how deeply they cared for each other and were frightened of the feeling and unsure.

They faced each other before the fire across easily bridgable distance, crossing one leather footstool and a turkey rug between. He added more charcoal to the fire, lit a cigarette and sank behind his thoughts: a vague glow in the clockface, clicking with age, an hour behind and a dull scratching of her pen on a sketch pad constructing in the midst of chaos.

They brought him home from the river farm on a bumpy truck bed. (The Cayuta Democrat, 10¢, a cup of coffee with her at breakfast and a pleasant drive to the country) And they left half his head splattered on the barn wall, (and I knew I had struggled too long, that there was a limit to what any man could take, that you could hold things together for so long and that it finally didn't matter and that it didn't seem selfish if you thought about it long enough) and what was left of his head lolled around on the truck bed beneath a horse blanket. (that nothing mattered, not anyone or anything) And the horses panicked at the blast of the gun and at the smell of blood. (The barn needs paint again and something has to be done about the machinery and a mental note to tell Jessie about it

and for God's sake to keep his children in the house yard when the men were hunting) *The tenant knocked at the back door of the house on Green-tree Street and told the wife of the thing-in-the-truck that the thing-in-the-truck had blasted his head to be-jesus with a twelve gauge shotgun.* (Edwin Barnard prominent Cayuta, Union League, Elks, Post, Academy, University, LL.D., husband of, father of, founder of, member of, served in, served at, served as, born at, died at, services at, burial at).

They were walking along the platform looking at the carriages: 1 2 3 Leon Segovia Madrid — a girl in a tweed skirt and light raincoat the color of ripe wheat carrying a leather case about the size of a large book and the *portero* came behind her with three other cases, a little man with a fierce moustache. He stared at her hips and legs and sweat poured down his face. She wore a hat, too. A hat the color of billiard table felt. And the gypsies followed her, scrawny brown hands stuck out palms up and pinched babies slung over hips, but she was oblivious to them and didn't hear them or see them. The hand on the strap of the case she was carrying was white with tension and the knuckles stood out from the flesh and the fingernails dug into her hand making red moon-shaped crescents in the palm.

Continuity, timeless, suffocating — threading its way down Green-tree Street and you can feel it in the park around the swing sets on the ground stripped bare by dragging feet and across the tennis courts on a June night coming over with the lightning-bugs and cut, dying grass in a sweet smell of decay; peering with the haunted face of Mrs. Senator Smith from a second story window and working its way over the three oak-hung hills of the cemetery where you can watch the sun set and be warm against the granite of the Hunter monument, warmth lingering in the stone from the afternoon sun. And it comes out from the ground with the crops in the fall, harvested, and then weighed at the elevator. You must search for something of value, look hard in every corner of Cayuta and you always meet continuity: it shakes your hand and pats you on the back and is handed through the grilled window of the teller's cage with a fixed smile. Out of a locker at the high school, out of a trunk in an attic, out of a shotgun tearing a man or a bird, up stairways, and you can feel it in old silver brought overland a century before, scrape it from old china, feel it in smooth rosewood, silly curved legs and plush seats, veined marble and in fading portraits ghostly on walls, and under your feet in dragons and flowers and geometric shapes, in someone's arms — warm inside — and against someone's lips, from a cupola and always hold onto the land, the land will always be there when everything is gone. Continuity — four straight flat miles ahead where the river plays through the trees, where the bridge rusts red crossbeams and rails and a sign that reads, "Coal City Construction Co., 1919." Then you know you're home and you know every street and almost every house and that nothing ever really passes.

Down
 it comes
on me, tryin to see.
the blaze of the fires of
Hope
 is reduced to a
candle flame that
wavers with my mind and
reflects dimly off the wall
before me
which fades into the
stone
 fog
with a thing called
Love.

Peter A. Keiser

the barn
 hot sun beating up
 flies all about
 tractor echoes
 bouncing from corner to corner
 reapers moving in a gettysburg line
 attacking
 in sense array

the hayloft
 footsteps on a ladder
 whispers in silences
 straw rustlings
 sliding through mossy air
 leaping to kiss
 the earthen floor
 in sense array

the field
 evening twilight sinking
 stalks bending
 yells sneaking
 through rows of corn
 child-high screams
 of "ali-ali in free"
 in sense array

the man
 corpus worn
 head low
 the fifth poet
 of a dying line
 thinking poemslystraight
 in sense array

Brad Uhlenhake

INDIVIDUALISM IN THE BEAT GENERATION

Richard Van Paris

Jack Kerouac, born in Lowell, Massachusetts, March 12, 1922, is both a novelist and a poet. Since On the Road (1957), Kerouac has been recognized as one of the leading "beat" writers. His "spontaneous prose" is a type of novelistic composition parallel to the long, loose line employed by many of the beat poets. Like the poets he has been sharply criticized for lack of organization and for extolling the amorality of his characters, who seem concerned only with self-gratification. They spend their lives in search of the next "kick" which may come from drugs, drink, sex, jazz, or fast cars.

Kerouac has lived the "beat" life he writes about; much of his work is autobiographical. With Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso, he brought attention to the beat phenomenon through public appearances, reading from manuscripts and discussing the meaning and origins of the beat generation.¹

"INDIVIDUALISM"

In "The Origins of the Beat Generation," Jack Kerouac relates how he derived the term "beat generation" and how this movement has emerged out of society today. According to Kerouac, Beat is closely related to the terms of both "wild self-believing individuality," as he relates an incident with his grandfather;

"It goes back to the 1880s when my grandfather Jean-Baptiste Kerouac used to go out on the porch in big thunderstorms and swing his kerosene lamp at the lightening and yell "Go ahead, go, if you're more powerful than I am strike me and put the light out!" while the mother and the children cowered in the kitchen. And the light never went out."²

and from "old American whoopee," as exemplified in the following passages;

"Beat comes out, actually, of old American whoopee and it will only change a few dresses and pants and make chairs useless in the living room and pretty soon we'll have Beat Secretaries of State and there will be instituted new tinsels, in fact new reasons for malice and new reasons for virtue and new reasons for forgiveness . . ."³

While reading "October in the Railroad Earth," I found that Kerouac is relating his life as a brakeman for the Southern Pacific Railroad, back in the 1950s. After reading this selection and referring back to his essay on "The Origins of the Beat Generation," I have concluded that this life of his in the Railroad Earth is more concerned with individualism, rather than American "whoopie."

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary states that individualism is, "a theory maintaining the political and economic independence of the individual and stressing individual initiative, action, and interests." Accordingly, to be Beat, according to Kerouac in his essay of the "beat generation," is to live your lives out. He exclaims, "why should I attack what I love out of life. This is Beat. Live your lives out? Naw, love your lives out."⁴ Therefore, what Kerouac was doing, according to his essay, was being Beat and an individual at the same time. There were no forces holding Kerouac to his job against his own free will. He was a brakeman and enjoyed it, because this is what he loved.

The author's love of individualism and his job was manifest throughout his work. He doesn't relate all of the years of his experience with the railroad, just a few days. The extent the author goes into explaining an incident such as waking up for work one morning, displays his interest and love he has for the job he is so dedicated to, as exemplified in the following lines;

My little room at 6 in the comfy dawn (at 4:30) and before me all that time, that fresh-eyed time for a little coffee to boil water on my hot plate, throw some coffee in, stir it, French style, slowly carefully pour it in my white tin cup, throw sugar in . . . I'm taking my last quick slug of coffee and quickly rinsing the cup in the hot water spout and rushing to dry it and plop it in its place by the hot plate and the and the brown carton in which all the groceries sit tightly wrapped in brown paper, I'm already picking up my brakeman's lantern from where it's been hanging on the door handle and my tattered timetable's long been in my back-pocket folded and ready to go, everything tight, keys, timetable, lantern, knife, handkerchief, wallet, comb, railroad keys, change and myself.⁵

He seems to be close to and enjoy life for the beauties it offers, such as nature for instance when he vividly describes farmlands and fields passed, on his journeys.

. . . but once past San Jose somehow the whole California opens even further, at sunset at Perry or Madrone it is like a dream, you see the little rickety farmhouse, the fields, the rows of green planted fruit, and beyond the green pale mist of hills and over the red aureolas of pacific sunfall and in the silence the bark of a dog and that fine California night dew already rising . . .⁶

"October in the Railroad Earth" may be, in my opinion, about individualism, but it doesn't necessarily mean Kerouac is self-centered and therefore doesn't notice the people around him. He comes into contact with his

fellow employees every day and is very observant towards them and their character, because they also have a part in shaping his life.

. . . but the dark Indian and the eastern Negro, with sledgehammers and dirty pants to them I waved and shortly thereafter I read a book and found out that the Pomo Indian battle cry is Ya Ya Henna, which I thought once of yelling as the engine crashboomed by but what would I be starting but derailments of my own self and engineer . . .⁷

Kerouac relates, at times, the sum of money, \$600 per month to be exact, that he is receiving, but does this sum seem to have a real value in his life? If he is making this much, why does he continue to go around depriving himself of some of the pleasures, or even necessities in his life, such as a pair of gloves? He does enjoy earning money, as stated, "another day another dollar," but he never really puts a material value on his earnings or ever mentions his savings.

I believe Kerouac, the brakeman, is a good example of what a "Beat individual" is. He is a person who may earn money, but puts no material value on it; enjoys nature; loves life and what it has to offer; loves the things he does, such as work, and becomes part of it, as Kerouac did as exemplified by the following passage where he seems to get quite involved;

. . . why we had a hoghead that night which was my first night so wild he had the throttle opened fullback and keep yanking at it with one heel against the iron skcum of the floor trying to open her up further and if possible tear the locomotive apart to get more out of her and leave the track and fly up in the night over the prune fields, what a magnificent opening night it was for me to ride a fast run like that with a bunch of speed demons and that magnificent fireman with his unpredestined impossible unprecedentable hat white in the black black railroad . . .⁸

and lives each day to the fullest extent, being able to reflect on his past with the confidence that he has done his best and has taken full advantage of what life has to offer him.

NOTES

1. Herzberg, Max J., **The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature**, (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1962), pp. 567.
2. Kerouac, Jack, "The Origins of the Beat Generation", in **A Casebook on the Beat**, ed. by Thomas Parkinson (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1961), pp. 70.
3. *Ibid.*, pp. 76.
4. *Ibid.*, pp. 70.
5. Kerouac, Jack, "October in the Railroad Earth", in **A Casebook on the Beat**, ed. by Thomas Parkinson (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1961), pp. 38-39.
6. *Ibid.*, pp. 61.
7. *Ibid.*, pp. 55.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 64.

Pitter Patter
Raindrops on the window
This my blindness sees.

Patrick Horrigan

YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Timothy Roach











Though each little boy stops playing in the sun, little boys
never stop playing in the sun -- as long as there are little
boys . . .

THE HOUR OF THE GHOUL

As I loafed and looked one evening
Inside myself, bereft of meaning,
To try to find the soul key
Of pleasant places filled with wonder
Where God has joined and no man sundered
I and Thou. And all hate slumbers
Neath love of thine and mine for thee.

I slipped inside, alone and dreaming,
My mind; and there I saw the scheming
Imps of Satan drunk with glee.
They ripped my ego with claws of steel
And from my eyes the scales peeled
And pulled away. The naked, raw, unhealed
Core of hate confronted me.

I cringed beneath the crimson vision,
Cursing the awful interior fission
That had flensed my "I" from "Id".
The taunting terrors grinning,
Laughing, roaring, screaming, dinning
Said you must pay for your own sinning
And suffer for those things you did.

Why me, I screamed, my life's near blameless
You Demons and this vision shameless
Skewer my soul for what commission?
But oh their burning talons of fire
Dragged me deeper neath their mire,
Confronted me with their awful ire
Screaming Not for acts but for omission.

And there impinioned in my head
The grey columns of forgotten dead
Marched forth to settle up the score.
With wasted hands and sunken eyes
The low air tingled with their cries
Of We will never compromise
With you who murdered us in war.

And now came clear their awful meaning
While I sat at home alone and dreaming
They'd been dying on a foreign shore.
Spare me, wraiths of grim intention,
For your foul and foreign contention
Lied inside my own prevention
You can never make me suffer more.

The spectre's eyes burned high with wrath,
They who had from the crooked path
Of life been untimely snared,
Bent low and fixed me with a stare
And cried oh you who never dared
To strike a blow against hatred's lair
For us your shivering soul is bared.

To our piper now you'll dance
And when your haughty Warlords prance
You'll plead our case and lawyer be
For by your acts you'll strike a blow
And no more to your dreaming go
For respite from the world's brave show
And your own mediocrity.

So when you see the chance appear
You'll pay your debt that's in arrears
By showing what dissent can do;
Remake the face of continents
Realign the Nile's bent
Or even change the dark intent
Of your country's scheming few.

You'll testify for burning mothers
And their babes, dead with others
For, in any war, they never win.
You'll suffer now, with all the rest
Of us, and now at our behest
God back and do your earnest best
To pay the mortgage of your sin.

Oh God! their words do etch my soul
For they extract a terrible toll
To leave this relish hall of fear
Yet leave I will, or really must
To fight for love and honor's trust
Till my bones are ashes, and the ashes dust
And the dust itself does disappear.

And now the judgment of the dead
Lies heavy on my sweating head
No man a harder road can travel
Than in the face of what prevails
Either right or wrong, it entails
Following fate when all else fails
And listen not to the judges gavel.

For dreaming can never make it real
And the unhappy dead never feel
The joy of life, or see the road ahead.
It lies to us all to make it right
To banish evil from all men's sight
To destroy hatreds' ruling might
And vindicate our country's dead.

Michael Guccione

DEAR DIARY

J. Eric Farfsing

February 22

Dear diary —

I might not be very old but aren't I old enough to sense when something is not right? How old does a child have to be to realize that the snake has engulfed the mouse? Or how long does it take the mouse to realize he has been engulfed and that all his kicking and squirming within those rubbery walls are futile; that he should just die peacefully and accept his fate? But was it really Fate which forced the mouse to be engulfed by the snake? Had the mouse chosen not to be so nosy when the strange noise disturbed his embryonic hiding and ventured forth, the jaws of death would not have surrounded the small creature.

But its that same snake which I now sense is engulfing this village. Even Papa is acting strangely now. He never acted like that before. Now he says that all his hard work is for us: so that Nathaniel and I might go on to college. Every night he works down in that dark, dreary, dismal old factory. Why I haven't seen him but five times in more than a year — not counting Sunday nights when Mama makes him stay home. But even then Papa is working on his books or something. I just don't understand. Papa's kicking like that mouse in the snake.

The same with Mr. George. Why he always is writing speeches, shaking hands, and promising more food for everyone. (But Mike's the only one who's found the food so far and he's just trying to eat himself to death. Why he was all of 200 pounds before that peddler came to town and now he's up to at least 350. I couldn't even get my arms around his fat belly if I tried). Mr. George, I think, is eyeing that seat in the county commission. That's what I think. Especially remembering

how he used to talk. He was once so scared to give a speech that he'd more than likely pass out before it was over. In fact, he did once on Labor Day or some holiday if I recall. And all he had to do was introduce Papa who was going to give his speech on the self-less workers in our village. If he didn't pass out, though, Mr. George could talk your ears right off criticizing the government and saying what could be done to improve things but that in order to reform anything, a person would have to sell out to the political bosses and that would ruin any possible reforms right off.

And that horrible old maid! What's her name? Miss Josephine Erksine. For the ugliest woman she sure has a good number of gentlemen admirers. If she were attractive or even plain, I could understand her popularity but she's so repulsive! That big mole or birthmark all over the front of her neck and the pock-marks all over her face — like the fever autographed her face or something.

Just last week three grown (and quite handsome) young men came to see her. The biggest knock-down-drag-out fight resulted. And was she impressed? No, she was not! Why she was so insulted she left all three rolling in the mud outside her house and, to make matters worse, the old bitty (she's practically ready for her pension I hear) phoned the police and all three were jailed for disturbing the peace. But the next night another caller came prancing up to see her. Ough! She's so revolting a human. And to think, she was the laughing stock of the entire village just last year. Before that weird panel truck and peddler came along.

I remember him fairly clear — even today. His face was neither pleasant nor repugnant; neither kind nor cruel. It was somewhat wicked looking, though. Very narrow with a dark complexion. His eyes could be described as selfish; his nose long and narrow. His lips, when closed, pressed together so hard that all color left. And the pointed chin aimed my attention to his dark simple clothes — the kind that are just there and that are impossible to describe. Really, what I had expected was to see him engulfed in a crimsonlined black cape and sporting a black goatee. He'd look like the devil himself then.

His truck was an old rusty ¾-ton Chev panel truck. The kind with the rounded and exaggerated fenders, the high barrel-like hood, and the pseudo running boards. Its coloring was of a dark neutral type. In certain types of lighting its colors seemed to change.

He stood atop the panel truck and spoke to the crowds — much like a Doctor Cureall selling his magic elixer. Voicewise, he boomed. A full loud voice was necessary for a good peddler.

Even his sales pitch stuck in my mind. It was very novel.

"Welcome folks, I've heard about you people. I've heard about your wants; I've heard about your needs and I've come to fix you up.

"In this truck, I am stocked with any commodity of which you can conceive. You name it, I've got it. From sewing machines for the wives, to rubber snakes for the kiddies. I've got some goods for the men too.

"All you who think you're in charge of your own destiny, your families, your decisions, or whatever: step up here."

I was surprised to see the number of suckers that stole towards this truck. Papa, Mr. George, Mike, that ugly old lady, the farmer who used to live down the highway (Art Knight), and about five other people from town.

When he talked to these people he almost whispered. I heard he offered to sell them something that was really out of this world though. He wanted them to return that night so he could demonstrate his wares more affectively.

Papa, Mr. George, the old bag, Mike, and the farmer all returned but the others didn't trust the peddler.

Papa didn't come home until late that night but it was summertime and school was out so I could stay up and wait. When he came home he seemed so happy. Just overflowing with sheer joy.

Of course Mama was a bit worried about how much money he'd spent. She said she didn't mind his monthly poker games but that was all the gambling she'd allow.

Papa said he didn't pay anything down, and that his installments were minute. He said that everyone there had bought something and all had been offered the same credit plan. He said that Art Knight said he'd rather pay for his all at once, though. The peddler said all right and that Art would be sent a statement.

I remember how shocked Papa was the next month when he'd heard how the farmer had drowned while out looking for any traces of his drought-dried creek. Papa said Art fell into a hidden, spring-fed marsh he never knew existed on his 800 acres, hit his head on a rock, and drowned. I remember we were all sorry to hear that.

But that was over a year ago and its all over and done with, now. It's Papa I'm worried about today. He's never home and Mama is always getting mad at him. I remember staying awake one night when Papa came home, just to see what was happening.

He and Mama got into a terrific fight. Why it must have lasted for over an hour and for Mama that's really something. I know she can't stay mad at us for any more than about two minutes or so. If Papa hadn't have gotten sick I think they'd have been fighting come dawn. But Papa got sick, he clutched his belly, and sort of fell to his knees. Mama didn't know what to do so she started crying until Papa managed to haul himself into the bedroom.

The reason I'm worried though, is that Papa never used to work so late and he just never got sick. Now he's hardly ever home and when he is, he's always in pain. It seems like the snake bit Papa before swallowing him.

Well, diary, that's all for now. I hear someone coming.

Your confidante —

me

December 27

Dear diary —

I know I haven't written in quite a while but I haven't had much time. Papa got worse and worse and finally died a couple days ago. Christmas eve to be exact. The funeral was today and his will and junk are supposed to be read tomorrow. I heard he left Mama, Nathaniel, and myself over a quarter of a million dollars. Why did he have to go die though?

Your only companion —

me

January 6

Dear diary —

Today I was talking with my buddy Gordon George and he told me a secret. He said his parents are getting a divorce. He said his mother just can't live with his father anymore. I guess all he does since he got his commission seat is talk about running for the House of Representatives. And I guess he's going to win too. But Gordon's mother just can't take it anymore. Mr. George is always calling people or having them call him and he just yells orders to them.

Maybe I should be thankful that Papa died and was not turned somehow into a monster.

Time for supper . . .

Only —

me

February 14

Dear diary —

Today I saw the saddest thing. Old Josephine Erskine was stood up at the chapel. I almost cried. Even though I hated her and was repulsed whenever I looked at her, she's still human and has feelings. Even though she was a real tyrant with men, for no apparent reason

too, it was almost brutal to see her all dressed in white, sitting on those dirty steps in front of the village church, where the pigeons crap and old men spit their tobacco juice, and cry. I really felt for her.

Faithfully —

me

February 2

Dear diary —

It's been some time since I've written again I guess, huh? Almost a whole year. Something happened that shouldn't have surprised me, but did. Fat Mike — the perennial eater — choked to death today. He was stuffing his face with fish sandwiches and got a bone caught in his throat. Don't exactly know how he died but I heard it wasn't a very pretty sight at all with his eyes oozing out of their sockets, his mouth opening almost as if to swallow his entire fish sandwich, and his face turning that horrible bluish color. . .

I don't think I'll ever eat fish again.

Unfeigningly —

me

August 12

Dear diary —

Remember the snake I said had engulfed our village. Well, I think it's dead. The peddler's gone and so are his buyers. He must be paid in full. There no longer seems an ominous cloud over the village. The tension is gone from the air and the shadows no longer seem to be dancing. The windless nights no longer seem to be filled with some infernal blowing emanating from somewhere deep in the black, still forests. The lights above the street no longer seem like pencil beams, illuminating only the sewer lids below and leaving the black velvet of night otherwise intact. The storms no longer seem to signify the world's end with the crashes, flashes, and smashes in the southern skies. Yes, the snake seems dead.

Finally —

me

August 15

Dear diary —

Just a final note before I shut you forever. Today I was driving down state route 666 and I accidentally ran over something. Stopping to investigate, I found the largest black snake I've ever seen in my life.

He had been crawling across the highway towards the dump on the south side.

The dump's call for the snake must have been the noxious smell. It was one of rotten eggs or of something very, very foul.

Upon closer examination of the snake, I saw I had just barely caught its head with my tire. As a result his head was very flat. Inside his body was some sort of movement. Being curious I decided to take my brother's linoleum knife which he had left on the floor and to operate. Probably, there would be baby black snakes which I could set off in the ditch, I thought.

What I did see was not baby snakes. Rather, unfolding before me were five mice — all five alive and freshly swallowed. Of course they weren't feeling too lively but the five little furry rodents did have enough strength to crawl from the belly of the snake and to scamper back across the road into the meadow on the north side of the highway.

With that I guess (and hope) the entire episode is over.

Ultimately —

me

July 3

NOTE: Recently my older sister Mary got married to a young sheet-metal journeyman. I've heard that she's expecting sometime towards the end of the year. When she left she left behind her diary. I happened to stumble across it and thought that someone might be interested in reading her reflections on that very strange occurrence. A few points have been edited but the diary remains virtually as written.

Nathaniel

OUTSIDE IN THE COLD AND DARK

- Poor devil what's your name; is there not one creature that seeks this knowledge —
- Is there not one man that cares for this, his fellow man —
- I walked along a dead and lifeless street looking for a soul outside my soul that might care that I am —
- That might care that I am, that you are, that man is —
- Again and again I saw my foot fall and knew that no one was aware no one knew or cared —

Robert Wisniewski

HATE

Hate is a special word used only with friends.

Are you my friend?

Are you my love?

Come close so I may hate you;

slapping in happiness and love and hate,

oh, yes, and always hate

because man must envy Everyman, and grow,

grow in reason to cover emotion.

Drink up my friend.

Drink to my friend Socrates, or are you afraid?

Then drink

and friends we'll always be.

And did they drink at Finnegan's wake?

You should have seen their eyes,

red as crimson sun about to set and rise;

arise my friend and drink.

We are cups of one another — cups of twins —

that rest upon the chest of hate,

and cups of mugs while we drink together.

Hate must be hate and hate and hate

to make a love more loving.

What would love be without hate?

So drink to me and fill my cup.

I know a river that meets together with another;

rivers that begin somewhere else

always the same in the end.

Do we look the same — are we the same — would love do that?

Then drink so I may carry you home.

II.

Misty storms of shadows hidden in gray
frames of hard oak wood
outlined in white, a pure color, washed
along the sandy brown and riverrain.

Our jungle —

our little world of shelter where children meet
and always look like love —
sometimes a gray love
almost hate, almost.

Two shells shelved, put away — rainy day
— look at that old man, carries a cane
carries age, wrinkles — not like us.

Save him, save him rainy day.

It must be pleasant, age.

But where do we get hate — old men, children?

They look like love —

almost love, almost.

We woke again at Finnegan's,
three cups, they were the same red
tears of hate, blood red tears
we cried (sat up late).

Our thoughts couldn't think of what to say,
(just hate).

Where was our good friend?

— Carried him home, carried a cane —

We drank to him!

We drank to him!

We buried hate and left him lay
beside the cup, our red tin cup, away
from all the picture frames of love.

Just dead and dust to dust;

we did it,

we hated him. But yet we drank

with passion, lust

we cried.

And now the shadowed ribbon gray
is cut by morning crimson sun in rain.

Love is cut the very way,

but better for us we drank

to him.

Joseph A. Jungblut

A MOTHER'S CLOAK

Smallish flecks of eider down
Cast themselves across the sky
Onto the plains below
To save the life from death

Autumn is the cruelest
Of all the seasons, trying
Hard to take the life
Of all it passes o'er.

Winter is not half as bad
As fall. For winter is the
Mother of a warm and
Vibrant daughter, spring.

The lair of winter is o'er spread
With downy softness changed
In order to caress the
Newborn babe of spring.

Raymond Kresha

God, I wish there was
someone
to touch
and be touched
by
Besides the black of midnight
and
the wind of the
moon.
Out beyond that lamp
are there eyes that
speak?
Was I listening?
or was it just a
reflection
Of some spirit
of the
night?

Peter A. Keiser

TO BE HUMAN

Stephen M. Wiggins

"The day I take this stuff is the day hell freezes over. Look, can't you guys find something else to do? Cheap thrills in a can seem to me to be a hell of a way to waste a night." Yet deep inside I wanted to try it too — I really did. Was I any different than they?

It was the newest thing out, and my best friends — Louie, Chris, and John — were already leading patronizers of the product. I remember when marijuana was the big thing. Everyone tried it at least once — everyone but me. When it came to things of that nature I was socially unadept. Did I ever sniff glue? Did I ever swallow a whole bottle of cough medicine? Of course not! I was always too reasonable, too mature, too sensible. Now the newest thing was "frostys"; it was in and everyone who claimed to be cool was hip on it. My whole life I kept away from things like this — my whole life. "Why should I take it," I told them?

Sitting in the car I watched as John held the can between his legs. A shrewd smirk shining from his face, a sentimental shiver on his lips, a slippery savor in his mouth, he knew just what to expect from that little can. This was to be his whole night. A mere two weeks ago it would have been a six pack of beer, but now just this small can.

I was now twenty years old, and had known John for the last ten years. I never did like John, and tonight I disliked him more than ever. His every action was just the opposite of what I considered the right thing to do. Yet John possessed qualities which held other people in awe, especially my two best friends, Louie and Chris, who looked up to him — something I could never do. Because of their friendship with him I was forced to be with John every time we went out. I talked with him, laughed at his jokes, and even listened to his problems, yet throughout the short ten year period I had known him I gradually learned to detest him. Of course I never overtly showed this, but the feeling was there, as if I had no control over it.

The four of us were almost inseparable, for wherever one went, the others went also. Even when it came time for dating we four remained inseparable but every new date went through the same well-worn groove. We would listen as John told the girl he was dating of his "dualistic philosophy." So many times have I heard him repeat it that it is imprinted in my mind. Always with the same beginning he would say: "I respect virgins and hate whores." He would then go on for hours to explain that despite his great respect for virgins, he would not so much as think of being married to one. Why? Because, she would make a bad bed partner. After this he would elaborate on the vast amount of experience a true whore possessed, experience which gave her a virtuous character. Everyone would laugh at his funny thinking, but it's also funny that the same girl seldom went out with him again.

Yet John actually believed in his philosophy, many times putting it into action. He was now twenty-one years old, and within the last six years had pulverized the virginity of God only knows how many girls. Many times I stood by and watched the results of his adventures — every time wondering what made a person like him tick, wondering how he could be so heartless.

Once we left a dance early and while walking out, a girl whom I had never seen before came up to John and slapped his face. Quietly she walked away. I asked who she was and he said he didn't have the slightest idea. He was telling the truth. We later found out she was a close friend of one of the girls John had taken advantage of in the past. (It seems this event almost entirely changed the girl's personality, making her indifferent toward people and activities she had loved before, and much more permissive with anyone who wished to take advantage of her.) I know when something of this sort happens it's usually the girl's fault too, but John always picked inexperienced girls who were much younger than he — as in this case, the girl was seventeen. He was twenty.

Tonight the four of us were together again in John's car. As so often happens, my thoughts that night were mainly centered around John. Knowing him so well and thinking of his past, I just couldn't stand him. Once he was a Catholic, but could see no meaning in religion. I knew where he placed his value — in himself. But he was not all that selfish, for tonight he could see value elsewhere, value that existed in that little can held so tightly between his legs.

We were looking for a good parking place, and finally hit upon a deserted road near Lake Michigan. The road was bumpy and dark; it gave me the feeling of leading to something strange, something evil. There were no houses around, no people, no noises — only we four and one can. I had never done this sort of thing before, and tonight I would not either. If it just could have been beer or something like that, something I had done be-

fore, something familiar. This was different, too different. I was too reasonable, too mature, too sensible. My whole life I had kept away from this type of thing, just cheap thrills in a can.

The first to try it was John. Actually the can contained nothing more than a glass chiller, freon gas, but the affects were astonishing. While in the can the substance exists in the liquid state, but upon spraying it vaporizes. Carefully John attached the nipple of a balloon to the spraying mechanism of the can, and then sprayed the gas into the balloon. "It's going to be a big hit," he said, "I'll take the first one." At this point it is very important to allow the vapor to cool down to room temperature, otherwise it would freeze the lungs. John sucked it in; it was just that easy.

"Hold your breath, hold it longer," my two friends were telling him. Right away it hit him. I still remember his first words because he always says the same thing. "Oh God, it's got me," he screamed. As if he knew who God is, how could he? Then he retired to his own personal world; he squirmed on the seat and squealed like a pig for more than a minute, then came right out of it. I watched closely as that sly grin on his face grew bigger and bigger. I knew this was the type of thing he lived for, and thought what a complete ass he was, and how much I detested him.

As my friends both took a hit I listened to their descriptions. "It's the strangest feeling in the world," Louie said. To Chris it felt like an orgasm, completely draining his body of tension. I couldn't get over the fact that the whole trip lasted only one minute, one carefree minute. All night they had been begging me to try it just once, but I explained that this just was not the type of thing that I would do. I was quite proud of myself for possessing such restraint. Yet deep inside — possibly not too deep — I knew I wanted to try it.

It was more or less a matter of outward appearance. Many times I had said that I didn't want to try it, that I didn't want to get involved in this type of thing. But what I was actually saying was that such a thing was below me, that I was somehow better than they because I could have fun without going on an artificial trip. Now that I had taken up a strong position it was necessary to keep up appearances. I had to make them believe, or I had to make myself believe, that I was really different. Outside I was what I wanted to be, but inside I was the real me, and inside I did want to try it just once.

From every balloon full John seemed to derive more satisfaction. Each time he became quieter and quieter, almost as if he was withdrawing from our company. My dislike for John turned to hate. With his every smile I got sick. I felt like crying out my hate for on a sudden impulse, but couldn't because at that moment I hated myself even more. Of course I was too sensible to do this, but I wanted to do it, and I wanted to feel the same way

John did. I had to try it, and when I asked for a hit the whole car came to an abrupt silence. I was one of them now; I was like them; I was like John; I was like myself. Almost as if I had performed a heroic act at a very critical moment, there were hand shakes and congratulations and John even gave me a big hug.

Now that I had made such a monumental decision a new feeling slowly crept into my bones. It was a feeling of fear. I hadn't the faintest idea what it would be like, and think like most people I am most afraid of those things which I have never before experienced. Chris told me that this was a case where there was nothing to fear except fear itself. It could be either a good trip or a bad one, depending on the attitude I took beforehand. On his first trip he broke out in a cold sweat, imagining that it would never end and that he would have to spend the rest of his life in that condition. But what struck me most was that he said he actually prayed it would end; he really prayed to God that it would end, one of the few times he has ever prayed. It was as if that small can possessed a power beyond itself, a power which could generate so strong a fear that it could bring a proud person to his knees.

When the time came, I could only stare insensibly at the inanimate balloon. It was the same feeling I've experienced so often before, the feeling I had just before smoking my first cigarette, the feeling just before the first time I kissed a girl, the feeling I always have just before the first time. Suddenly I began to inhale the gas, but cheated. It was essential to hold the vapor in the lungs as long as possible, but very slowly I exhaled so that no one could tell but me. I couldn't quite do it because this fear of the unknown still mastered my mind. Yet even after cheating a unique feeling embraced my entire body. For a very short while a titillating sensation ran up my spine, and inside my head there was the weightlessness of a vacuum. This gave me confidence and even more a feeling of grave accomplishment; I had tried it and come down safely — it was easy. All the while I had kept away from this because of an inner notion that it was somehow evil, but it was really nothing more than a means of inducing pleasure. I realized what a fool I had been and how much I really enjoyed this.

John grasped my hands and welcomed me back to humanity. I couldn't help but think that he wasn't such a bad guy after all. He was different than I, yet I began to realize that we were more similar than I had known. We both seemed to want the same things out of life — at least we both wanted to be happy, but used antagonistic methods to obtain this happiness. Still I couldn't become his friend; I didn't want to because I didn't want to be like him. No matter how much we were alike in the small things, no matter how analogous were our bodily needs, there seemed to be something more important beyond this. I knew now that I was weak, but unlike John, I also understood that I was on this earth for a purpose, and that

this purpose was not to dedicate my life to nurturing pleasure for myself at the expense of other people.

Again I inhaled a balloon full of the freon gas and was launched into an unforgettable, unimaginable experience. It hit me all at once and I kept holding my breath and it seemed so easy and I knew that I was really going all the way this time. I opened my eyes and looked at Louie, and looked at Chris, and I looked at John. I could see right through them, and I was still holding my breath. A tremendous sensation overwhelmed me as my whole body felt as if it were floating in space. My arms were moveable, but it was as if they just weren't there. From the very beginning I could hear a faint pounding sound in my head; it was like listening through a stethoscope to the steady pulsations of the heart beat. But the pounding sound kept getting louder and louder, and I began to feel a fear, the magnitude of which was so strong that I wanted to scream. The fear of death radiated from my eyes — they were still open but immovable. I could see John laughing and pointing at me, and again I hated him.

Slowly my head fell to my chest. The pounding sound continued to get louder and I thought I was going crazy. My friends were talking about me and it suddenly occurred to me that I was dead. I couldn't move my head; I couldn't move anything and I knew I was dead. My eyes were closed tightly, but far in the distance I could distinguish two continuously flashing luminescent eyes. First one would flicker, then the other, and they kept getting closer and more lustrous. I tried to control those eyes, and thought if I could, then I wasn't really dead. But they kept getting brighter and the pounding sound was unbearably louder and it was then I knew I was in hell. My thoughts turned to my friends and I wondered if they knew I was dead. "Oh God," I thought, "please give me one more chance."

My whole life ran before me and I thought of how I had tried to be good. It seems such thoughts as these come only in times of extreme danger, such as now when I believed myself dead. Then it dawned on me that I had probably been the worst human being who ever lived, or why would I be here in hell? "Why me? It should be John, not me!" So clearly I remember everything that I thought. How is it possible to describe the feeling of being in hell? It was as if I knew what was happening to me, but there was no way I could control it. My whole head existed in the state of complete insanity. I was so sure that I was in hell, and so sure that this was it for the rest of eternity. "Oh God," again I prayed, "please just one more chance."

When my eyes finally opened I was the happiest, humblest person in the whole world. The first person I saw was John — I clutched him and held him. Just as if I were a baby I was crying, and I wouldn't let go of John. Again there was a complete silence in the car; I was crying before my best friends. My body shivering, I was so happy to be alive. And who

was I holding on to? Wasn't this the same John who's life was just the anti-thesis of mine, the same John who's presence made me sick? Or perhaps he was another human being whom I could understand better.

Again I could see right through him, but all of a sudden I didn't hate him any longer. At that instant I think I understood his life, as I understood him to be another human being — just like me. He was mixed up and did terrible things to other people, yet he wanted to be good — I know it. Just like me, to someone, somewhere, he would have to account for his life. Never again would I hate anyone. I could see John's past and possibly his future. I wanted to show him what I had just seen and to think what I had just thought. "No, I won't hate you anymore, John." "Perhaps," I thought to myself, "I can help you." God only knows how — for there is a God — but maybe somehow we can help each other.

An old man in a park may dream
But children always eat ice cream.

A foot is 12 and never falters
But adds an inch when at the altar.
(it's a big step)

Anonymous

MY CREATION

I, created by God, jealous of
His power.

Vagueness remains.

I did not ask God to create me,
or love me.
Yet God took the initiative, and it
is done.

Only, is it done?

Is it not proper to ask why,
of God?
It seems unreasonable that God should
create me.
Knowing me to be evil, as I know myself,
I exist.

What right have You to create me?
What right have I to question You?

Surely, You must have a plan for me, and I
have one for You.

My plan being, to spoil Your plan.

I am evil.
I am bad.
I hate other people.

Always am I, trying to convince myself that
You made me this way.

Not so.

I discover: You are not the only one with
power to create.

Look at my power.

In spite of You, I have created
a hell on earth.

I did this.
My creation.
I exist in my hell.

Stephen M. Wiggins

ONE-WAY CARAVAN

words to a song

Please help me if you can.
I'm chained to a one-way caravan,
Goin' through a dreamland they call time.
Just like a poem without a rhyme.
I feel so dizzy, but there's no place to rest as we climb.
Where are we going?

Here I stand holding time in my hands, (chorus)
But I can't find a way to make it stop or make it stay.
Won't you stop, stop, stop; wait for a moment?
You're goin' so fast my head's in a spin.
Well, look out now, it's startin' again.

When I look at a picture,
I see people trapped in silence there together.
Then I wonder why they had to go,
And leave those good times behind forever.
But then we travel so fast away
From those empty shadows of yesterday.
They're lost now.
We're living in today, hey, so —

(Chorus)

While I sing this song to you,
Time is moving us along its superhighway.
The road signs are very hazy,
But it's clear enough we can't go astray.
What then is our destination?
We're not going somewhere just for fun.
The answer
Is a hard one to shun, so —

Here I stand holding time in my hands,
But I can't find a way to make it stop or make it stay,
Won't you stop, stop, stop; wait for a moment?
I think that I might have to give in.
'Cause I'm payin' the toll now, ain't that a sin?
Passin' through this land on a one-way caravan.

Jerry Patterson

TO AGE

Seasoned trees whimper through the forest light
Spreading down timber lines and golden air,
Vollied each raindrop ray in trusting flight,
Touching leaves, open vained in up-turned pairs.
Sunshine breaks beaded sounds of laughing youth,
Rivers meet between paths of twisted stone,
Layered horizons that remain aloof,
Being thick-thatched in the wreath I had known.

Older bark mingled in the roots of fallen time
Measured deep mixtures of green turning brown,
Wasted grace closing nests of gothic vines,
Entered the stilling wind, the only sound,
 Kissing, intercourse, that splashed a life
 Rising head long in the carved tree of right.

Joseph A. Jungblut

In Memoriam

JUSTIN OPPENHEIM

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

JOHN STEINBECK

SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]